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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The Chicago "Indicator" says that it wants a gimlet very badly to "let in a little sunlight among the cobwebs" of our editorial brain. This is really very kind of our *confrère*, but we are not at all convinced that it is a gimlet which is necessary. Why not a gasometer, or a guitar, or anything else that begins with a g? Nor do we see why the "Indicator" should want to begin with us. Such charity should begin at home—and stop there. However, we will let our readers judge. A few weeks ago we wrote as follows:

"Not even an American journalist will find it easy to perpetrate a grosser libel than the following passage, quoted—we regret to say with apparent approval—by the Chicago "Indicator" from the "Boston Home Journal."

"A well-known singer who has been in town this week tells me that if Agnes Huntington appears in America with as few clothes as she wore in London she will make a great hit."

Is it not obvious that our regret was merely that the "Indicator" should have accepted as true an insinuation which is grossly false? Our contemporary, by its own admission, quoted the paragraph to point the moral of an article denouncing the present style of costume on the burlesque stage—to which, by the way, Miss Huntington does not belong. We concerned ourselves chiefly to deny the accuracy of the insinuation made by the correspondent of the "Home Journal," and only referred in passing to the fact that

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the "Indicator" should have countenanced, by quotation unqualified by denial, so false a statement. Does the "Indicator" see yet?

However, we would like to borrow that gimlet, after all. Only we should use it on the "Indicator." Here, in all the completeness of its flippancy, is a quotation from its pages:—

"Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that."

"We forget what music journal we clipped that elaborate thought from—and it is a kindness to the paper that we trust the guilty editor will appreciate. 'Leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us gaze into that.' Isn't it beautiful? Why not 'gaze into those?' That would seem to accommodate more people at the same time, you know, and would look as though business at the edge of the infinite were booming. 'Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us?' The question may well be asked, for very, very many of us will recall scenes where the effect was totally inexpressible in words. That is, in real nice words. Perhaps we knew the sound of the words and hesitated—or perhaps we tried to say them all at once and tripped up; however that may be, we all know that the effect has really proved inexpressible in logical words. And then we have all gone off to the edge of the infinite and gazed into that. And have regretted that the musicians weren't with us, that we might drop them over the edge into those."

We do not suppose that the "Indicator" will be impressed by the information that the passage quoted at the head of this extract was not written by any musical editor, but by Carlyle. Such is the fact, nevertheless, and we mention it only to show to what depths of foolishness even the "Indicator" can occasionally descend. American humour—as it is often exemplified in our contemporary's pages—is an infinitely amusing quality, of which we have a keen appreciation. But is this kind of fooling quite worthy of our contemporary? Carlyle, as everyone admits, lapsed not seldom into mere "high falutin'"; but even if we grant that the passage quoted above has a certain touch of bombast, we doubt whether Chicago itself could manufacture any phrase which shall suggest more truthfully the highest functions of music.

We have had occasion lately to reflect once more on the ways of provincial amateurs and provincial critics. Generally speaking, these are on the same level of musical intelligence. The amateur refuses to attend a good concert of chamber music, and stores up his enthusiasm until a popular ballad singer comes to warble a domestic ditty. Then he breaks out into wild applause. The provincial critic seconds him with eulogies of the singer and the song. Happily there are exceptions, and—to their credit be it said—many leading provincial papers possess critics of real ability. Some recent correspondence in the "Yorkshire Post" serves as a convenient illustration. The critic of this journal said some things which were as true as they were caustic about the "Bohemian Girl" and "The Daughter of the Regiment," asserting that the latter opera was "one of the flimsiest survivals of a flimsy school." Hereupon certain amateurs waxed indignant, and wrote to the paper—that last infirmity of unmusical minds. One of them said, by way of deadly insult, that the critic "belonged to a school of musicians who advocate the severely classical in the divine art." Balaam-like, his intended curse became a blessing. Here, however, is the funniest part of his letter:—

Will your representative be very indignant if I respectfully remind him that he has only one voice, and speaks but for himself and a very small following indeed when he makes a fierce onslaught upon a bright and tuneful opera, full of "go" and action, merely because it does not conform to the canons of art which he and his brother Nebuchadnezzars have set up?

Despite the incursions upon melody made by Wagner and others during the past two decades, the average music lover still prefers something resembling "a discourse to sweet sounds," and as he has to pay for his enjoyments he has a right to be considered—even by musical critics.

"The incursions on melody made by Wagner" is a phrase which the "Daily Telegraph" should not willingly let die. Indignation has carried a second amateur even further than this. Speaking of the *répertoire* of operas performed by the Carl Rosa Company he says: "The theatre is packed nightly by large and delighted audiences, *I myself having made one* every evening up to the present." This gentleman must be of imposing presence indeed. He makes a large and delighted audience every evening! The Carl Rosa people should engage him to perform the feat all over the country.

Seriously, such letters as these, when taken in conjunction with many other instances we could name, make one despair of the English public—at any rate, of the provincial public. Why is music the only thing in which the amateur assumes that education is unnecessary? No one is ashamed to say that he does not understand Greek, or law, or painting: but everyone thinks himself competent to express an opinion about music. The admirable remark of Sainte-Beuve, which was the text of Mr. H. A. Jones's lecture at Toynbee Hall last Saturday, may serve here: "The first consideration is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it; what we seek above all to learn is *whether we are right in being amused with it, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it.*" That is just what the average amateur cannot see. By all means let him have his opinion—nobody else is likely to want it. He should learn that until he has studied and thought, he should not try to place himself beside those who have done both.

If critics have not yet learnt their uses and duties it is certainly their own fault, for enough has been written of late years by way of precept. And even in these present days there is no lack of people who (whether able or not) are quite willing to be the guides and philosophers—though scarcely the friends—of the critic. Mr. Whistler, Mr. Buchanan (and Miss Wallis), and Mr. Brander Matthews have all shown a suspicious readiness to set the critic's feet in the way to the artistic Canaan.

Mr. Buchanan is threatening a new magazine expressly for his benefit; and here is Mr. Brander Matthews, one of the brightest of American writers, telling us, in the "New Review," what is the whole duty of critics. He goes so far as to lay down a Dodecalogue for his guidance, which may perhaps be accepted and acted upon. Mr. Matthews is of opinion that the chief duty of a critic is to help his readers to discover the best in all branches of art; but we do not think that he recognises sufficiently the correlatively implied duty of warning them from the worst. It is all very well to say that mediocrity is certain to sink ultimately, and to hang itself if you give it rope enough. When a critic knows that the majority of his contemporaries are blindly worshipping things unworthy of worship, is he not to say so? No doubt in time they will learn better—but at what an expense for themselves and their descendants! That which we call "taste" is a faculty so sensitive, so easily spoiled or deadened, that a sojourn, however brief, amongst the swine and the husks must needs leave an ill effect. The prodigal son must have wanted a good deal of washing, and even then he found it rather hard to forget his dissipation altogether. So did his impeccable brother.

Let us hope that Mr. Buchanan may have something very helpful to say. We hope he has. At present the most devoted admirer of the famous attack on the school of poetry represented by Swinburne and Rossetti, or of such novels as "Foxglove Manor" and "Annan Water" must feel that in the little quarrel in which he has been engaged with Miss Wallis Mr. Buchanan has hardly come off best. Certainly it is not nice to quarrel with a lady—especially when she can write such caustic letters as that which has appeared in a contemporary. However, it is for our Mr. Mus to interfere in this particular quarrel if he choose—we only say that Miss Wallis seems to score on every point. It is more within our province to refer to the curious letter addressed by Mr. Buchanan to the "Echo" of last week, in which he, with a fine show of virtuous indignation, repudiates the insinuation that he is a Puritan. Obviously the critic who made it had not read the novels we have mentioned. "I am *not* Puritanical"—so runs Mr. Buchanan's confession of faith—"and I love 'cakes and ale' with 'hot ginger' occasionally." And then Mr. Buchanan goes on to rejoice that God has made him a Bohemian, and not a Pharisee. Mr. Buchanan modestly omits to record his gratitude to the Power which made him write novels and plays. So do we.

What a noble part is that of modern science! We have all been saying that for the last quarter of a century, but it may be doubted if we have even yet realised to the full the amount of truth in the phrase. For instance: it has now been demonstrated beyond question (or asserted in an American paper, which is the same thing) that the custom of giving the wicked parts to the contralto or the bass is not in accordance with the fitness of things. At least, we can draw no other logical conclusion from the following significant sentence in an article on "High and Low Voices" in the "Presto":—

"It is a general rule that low voices indicate intellectuality more than higher voices do. The tenor might sing with feeling but the baritone and bass usually sing with a combination of feeling and knowledge. The art of the vocalists who possess the lower voice is somewhat rarer and more subdued than that of those who possess the higher voice, and the writer believes that the exceptions to this rule will only go to prove that it has a legitimate foundation. The possessors of the lower voices are usually more sedate and serious than those who possess the higher voices, yet the former do not lack a sense of humour and that quality known as good nature. The personal character of the artist, too, can be more or less distinguished by the pitch of the voice, the lower usually indicating ease and repose, intellectuality and subdued fire and verve, and the higher voice suggesting an enthusiasm which is fictitious and short-lived, comparatively speaking, though the personality of the artists possessing that voice are always more or less fascinating, if not altogether soothing and satisfying."

The assumption that baseness and baseness are always coincident must now be abandoned, having obviously arisen from a confusion between elevation of voice and elevation. We may expect, therefore, to see the composers of the future amending their methods. We shall see the injured and virtuous heroine played by a deep contralto, the noble hero played by the bass: and there will be a wicked soprano and a villainous tenor. The latter, however, is always with us.

Dr. Parry's great abilities as a lecturer on music are, happily, well known; but not every one is aware that the students of the Royal College of Music enjoy the privilege of hearing him in that capacity once a fortnight. We hope they fully realize the value of the boon. History is, of course, Dr. Parry's strong point, and as the College possesses an orchestra, chorus, and soloists competent to deal adequately with most things set before them, he is able to illustrate the lectures in such a way that the

very dullest must understand and be interested. On the occasion of the last lecture Dr. Parry dealt with the progress of the opera from Monteverde to Lulli. He pointed out the early division of operatic composers into two schools—that which strove for "effect": that which strove for musical beauty; showed how the character and tastes of different nations influenced their operatic composers—how, for instance, the Italians favoured the singer, while the French encouraged "spectacle" and ballet—and dwelt at some length on the character and music of Lulli, whose opera, "Roland," was then analysed, extracts from it being played and sung by the students. These included the overture, the Handelian character of which was pointed out; two solos of considerable dramatic power and some ballet music, with choruses. Dr. Parry's criticisms (appreciative and otherwise) of the music noticed were by no means the least interesting part of the lecture.

Rubinstein says that two per cent. of the English public are musical. We need not acknowledge that Rubinstein's opinions are always worthy of the profoundest respect; but we certainly think that for once the great pianist is in error. To accuse him of a rash and childish optimism would be impertinent. Nevertheless, his characteristic amiability has for once betrayed him into an unduly cheerful estimate of the British public. On what grounds—we ask it only in a spirit of the most respectful inquiry—can he have based his calculation? Does he remember that the population of Great Britain is thirty-eight millions, and that he has therefore committed himself to the assertion that there are in this country three-quarters of a million musical people? Either Rubinstein has been indulging in satire bitterer than usual or he has been misreported.

At a luncheon given at the Hôtel Métropole on Monday last M. Victor Maurel delivered a singularly interesting discourse on operatic singing. After expressing his faith in the future of Italian opera, M. Maurel proceeded to put forward a theory that the operatic singer should use a different *timbre* of voice for each different *rôle*. The seductive voice appropriate to Don Juan, for example, would not suit the more dignified and heroic part of William Tell. We are very glad that M. Maurel should have made us the medium for the publication of this most interesting contribution to the literature of the art, which, as coming from one who is perhaps the greatest operatic artist now before the public, must be received with the utmost respect. The views expressed may or may not be accepted; at any rate, they will yield ample material for thought and discussion. For the moment we content ourselves with putting before our readers M. Maurel's discourse in its entirety.

The current number of "The Artist" contains, besides the usual quota of well-written and interesting papers on what the painters somewhat arrogantly call Art, an article on Wagner by Miss L. G. M. Blyth, who undertakes to refute the arguments put forward by M. Arthur Pougin. She has, of course, little difficulty, for after all M. Pougin is not the only critic who has tilted against Wagner to his own exceeding discomfort. But why, by the way, does Miss Blyth impute to ourselves statements we never made? "We are surprised," she says, "that 'THE MUSICAL WORLD' can agree with M. Got when he says that stupidity is an admirable and essential attribute of the critic." We don't think that M. Got said that, and we are quite sure that we did not agree with him if he did.

He said that an artist might be stupid, and we thought so too. But a stupid critic?—oh no. That is quite impossible.

A contemporary gives an interesting account of the Hohenzollern Museum at Monbijou Castle, near Berlin, and adds sketches of the most remarkable relics. Amongst them is an engraving of a double harpsichord, one of two made by Tschudi, the founder of the well-known house of John Broadwood and Sons, for the Emperor Frederick the Great in 1765. These instruments were ordered of Tschudi for the apartments of Prince Henry and the Princess Amelia. In 1773 Tschudi and Broadwood supplied a similar harpsichord to Frederick's antagonist, Marie Theresa. This instrument also still exists, and was in the Inventions Loan Collection of 1885.

The Naval Exhibition will certainly make very "good copy" for the musical journalist. Song and the Sea have other things in common than their initial letters. The Musical Association is very properly determined to be first in the field, and at the opening meeting of the new session Commander Arthur N. Havergal, R.N., will read a paper on "Music in the Royal Navy." Mr. T. L. Southgate will also "communicate" on the subject of the Egyptian flutes recently discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie, and which will be exhibited on this occasion. The meeting will take place on Tuesday evening next, at 8.0, at the Royal Academy of Music.

Everyone who is interested in the Copyright question will be well advised to procure an exceedingly useful little book which has been written on the subject by Mr. Edward Cutler, Q.C., Mr. Thomas Eustace Smith, and Mr. F. E. Weatherly. The book is lucid and comprehensive, dealing with all phases of the matter, and giving, besides an index of all the principal cases, the text of the Act of 1886, the Order in Council of Nov. 28, 1887, and of the Berne Convention.

Herr Seidl's new series of concerts opened at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on Oct. 30 with a "Wagner *Matinée*." The programme contained excerpts, more or less familiar, from "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," "Die Meistersinger," and "Tristan." The second concert was given on Thursday evening last, when a Liszt programme was announced. We wish Herr Seidl and his orchestra would pay London a visit.

Mr. William Nicholl had the honour of singing before the Queen at Balmoral on Wednesday evening. The accomplished tenor sang no less than eight songs, to his own accompaniment and Her Majesty's gratification. The Queen personally complimented Mr. Nicholl on his performances, and even—of course in her Royal way—said "encore" to one.

The Borough of Hackney Choral Association will open its season on Dec. 1, when "The Golden Legend" will be given. Mendelssohn's "Athalie" will form the principal attraction at the second concert on Feb. 16, and Dr. Parry's "Judith" is announced for the third, on April 20.

Few will need to be reminded that Mr. Paderewski's first recital will be given in St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon next at three. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 3), the Schubert-Liszt Serenade, "Soirées de Vienne" and "Erlkönig," Liszt's "Don Juan," Fantasia, and Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor are promised as constituents of a very interesting programme.

THE CHAIR OF MUSIC IN EDINBURGH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I am authorised by Dr. Mackenzie to say that he has not offered himself, neither does he propose to offer himself, as a candidate for the Chair of Music in Edinburgh. The prevalent rumour to the contrary is calculated to injure the Royal Academy of Music, which is profiting largely by the zeal and devotion of its Principal.

It is the opinion of those interested in the welfare of the Academy that its efficiency as a school of music is assured while Dr. Mackenzie remains at its head.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

THOMAS THRELFALL,
Chairman of the Committee of Management
of the R.A.M.

Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square,
London, November 1, 1890.

M. VICTOR MAUREL ON OPERATIC SINGING.

A PAPER READ AT THE HOTEL METROPOLE, ON MONDAY, NOV. 3RD.

Depuis longtemps déjà je ressentais le désir d'être connu plus directement par la classe sociale que je nommerai le grand public de votre capitale—c'est à dire par la masse intellectuelle des artistes, des lettrés, des hommes de la science, et de toutes les personnes éprises de l'art sous toutes les formes.

En effet, messieurs, le public intellectuel n'est pas seulement le plus de tous à comprendre, et à sentir les vérités artistiques, il est aussi le mieux préparé au perfectionnement de l'art dont il est pénétré, et cela en produisant alors à son tour des manifestations artistiques inspirées d'un sentiment national. Déjà au cours des représentations de "l'Otello" de Verdi au Lyceum Théâtre, j'eus l'occasion de constater la présence de ce public intellectuel, composé d'artistes et d'étudiants, peintres et littérateurs, chanteurs et comédiens, et j'y ai reconnu les représentants non pas seulement d'un dilettantisme de bon goût, mais d'un sentiment national en musique qui deviendra, j'en suis sûr, extrêmement fécond dans l'avenir. A côté de votre théâtre national parlé, porté à son apogée par des hommes tels que votre grand tragédien Irving—apogée qui dépasse tout ce qui s'est fait jusqu'ici comme interprétation esthétique des œuvres de votre immortel poète Shakspeare—se développera, j'en suis convaincu, un théâtre national chanté. La fondation d'un grand nombre d'académies et de Conservatoires de musique, tant à Londres que dans le reste de la Grande Bretagne, a pu faire pressentir que votre jeune école de musique nationale, marchait vers son développement et qu'elle s'illustrerait dans un avenir prochain à l'égale des autres branches de l'art dans lesquelles vous comptez tant d'hommes illustres.

Messieurs, je salue aujourd'hui en vous les représentants du sentiment artistique national Anglais. Je salue en vous un public d'artistes cosmopolites—personnes qui ne sont pas seulement desiruses de se distraire aux plaisirs du théâtre mais qui sont encore animées du désir de juger sans parti pris, les œuvres et leurs interprètes. Je saisis cette occasion pour vous offrir l'humble, mais peut-être intéressant hommage des connaissances que j'ai acquises comme interprète de la nouvelle évolution où est entrée la musique théâtrale, je parle du drame lyrique. Vous le savez, Messieurs, deux grandes questions préoccupent aujourd'hui tous ceux qui s'intéressent à l'avenir de l'art musical.

On se demande si l'opéra Italien est destiné à subsister encore, et l'on se demande si le drame lyrique finira par prévaloir sur l'ancien opéra lyrique.

En premier lieu, pour ce qui est de l'opéra Italien, j'ai le regret de constater qu'un groupe de chanteurs, mus par des sentiments personnels sans doute peu raisonnés, s'efforce de lui substituer l'opéra français, non seulement en Angleterre mais encore sur les autres scènes d'Europe. Certes, si je n'écoutais que mes sentiments patriotiques, je ne pourrais que souhaiter de toutes mes forces la réussite d'une innovation par laquelle la gloire artistique de mon pays serait augmentée. Mais j'estime qu'à l'égard des

questions intellectuelles il convient de s'élever dans la région de la raison pure, qui ne connaît pas de frontières, et je n'aurai donc aucun faux scrupule à vous avouer qu'une étude approfondie de ce grave problème m'a amené à trouver de sérieux arguments en faveur du maintien d'une certaine prépondérance du théâtre Italien.

Si l'on cherche, par exemple, quelles ont été les raisons qui vous ont si longtemps attachés à ce théâtre italien, on n'a pas de peine à trouver qu'elles se rapportent non pas à un caprice passager du goût humain, mais à une vérité immuable de la nature; cette vérité, c'est l'harmonie musicale de la langue italienne.

En disant que l'Italie est la patrie de la musique et que la langue italienne en est la campagne préférée, je dis une vérité tellement indiscutable, tellement reconnue qu'elle me paraît presque banale. Cependant, cette vérité semble avoir été oubliée par ceux qui, ne comprenant pas qu'il est impossible de modifier artificiellement l'ordre naturel des choses, rêveraient de détrôner, en musique chantée, la langue italienne au profit de la langue française. Pour la seconde fois, je crois devoir répéter que je ne pense en rien diminuer mes sentiments patriotiques en ne point partageant la manière de voir des personnes auxquelles j'ai fait allusion.

Ma patrie, parmi tous les privilèges dont l'a comblée la nature, et ils sont nombreux, possède la langue de la concision, de l'élégance, de la finesse, de la diplomatie. Aussi cette langue a-t-elle une prépondérance incontestée dans la comédie, et la comédie française tiendra-t-elle à toutes les époques la première place dans le monde.

Mais, de même qu'il faudra toujours s'inspirer du génie de la langue française pour être précis, vif, piquant, ironique, enjoué, de même faut-il se tourner vers la langue italienne pour traduire dans des termes vrais les passions violentes ou tendres du cœur humain.

J'en arrive ainsi à conclure, messieurs, que l'opéra italien doit conserver parmi vous une place qu'il eût du conserver en France, non pas une place exclusive comme autrefois, mais une place permanente à titre de point de comparaison pour l'étude de la belle euphonie et comme école fondamentale du théâtre chanté.

Il me reste encore, Messieurs, à vous entretenir du second point que j'ai énoncé.

En ce qui touche ce point, c'est à dire la question du drame lyrique. Voici quelques opinions esthétiques sur ce que je regarde comme la condition essentielle d'une juste interprétation des personnages dans ces sortes de productions.

Je ne compte pas résoudre par là le grave problème de la prépondérance finale du drame lyrique sur l'opéra lyrique; je n'en aurai même pas la prétention, car le temps seul possède, je pense, le pouvoir de résoudre ce problème. Je me bornerai à vous faire voir les difficultés qui ont pu amener certaines personnes à douter de l'avenir du drame lyrique—bien à tort selon moi, car je considère l'évolution présente de la musique théâtrale comme un besoin de notre époque et j'estime que notre devoir est de seconder de toutes nos forces cette évolution, au lieu de la ralentir par des incertitudes.

Messieurs, je pense que tout art comprend trois phases, qui sont,—en allant de la plus simple à la plus compliquée:—l'imitation, l'interprétation, la Création.

Ces phases se retrouvent aussi dans l'art lyrique. L'imitation est la phase la plus élémentaire. Elle se rapporte, dans la production musicale, au genre facile de la romance, de la blquette ou rondeau, genre de production que n'anime qu'un seul et même sentiment, sans aucune complication de mouvements psychologiques. Pour peu que l'on possède des moyens sympathiques, il est facile de s'y distinguer sans qu'il soit besoin d'une étude bien sérieuse.

Avec l'interprétation qui, dans le genre musical, répondrait à l'opéra lyrique, nous entrons déjà dans une phase plus complexe, car elle comprend un ensemble de pensées qui nécessite le concours non seulement de la voix, mais aussi des gestes, des costumes, des décors, de la lumière.

Toutefois, ces divers éléments tendent surtout—non pas à la représentation vraie en tous points des caractères et des situations, mais à la production d'effets partiels d'harmonie propres à satisfaire le plaisir de l'ouïe et de l'imagination. Ici, le rôle de l'interprète est donc très difficile déjà bien qu'une assez grande latitude d'exécution, lui soit laissée d'habitude par les auteurs pour la composition des personnages qu'il doit représenter.

La création par contre, qui est la phase la plus complexe, trouve son expression entier dans le drame lyrique.

Là, sont reproduites toutes les passions vraies de l'homme, le poète et le musicien s'y voient également astreints à une grande vérité dans la

composition du caractère des personnages, et à beaucoup de justesse et d'apropos dans les situations où ces personnages doivent se mouvoir suivant le temps et les lieux où ils se trouvent.

Il faut que la musique et la poésie soient à égale hauteur—il faut qu'une union parfaite ne cesse jamais de régner entre l'idée exposée dans le libretto et la mélodie de la partition—mélodie qui doit être cette même idée représentée sous une forme plus directement perceptible aux sens, et souvent plus puissante que la parole.

Quant à la touche de l'interprète, dans le drame lyrique, elle n'est pas moins difficile, et moins importante que celle des auteurs, car c'est à lui qu'incombe la mission de mettre en lumière ces sentiments vivants. Il faut qu'elle s'y livre tout entier, il faut qu'elle y réalise une véritable création. Or, à fin d'être à la hauteur d'une si grande tâche, l'interprète doit d'abord posséder des qualités intellectuelles suffisantes pour pouvoir l'identifier dans la psychologie des personnages qu'il eut chargé de représenter, et pour pouvoir saisir à leur juste valeur toutes les nuances du caractère dont il prend le rôle. Pour le faire, les qualités innées de l'ordre intellectuel, quelque étonnantes qu'elles soient, seraient absolument insuffisantes, si une étude raisonnée et sévère ne venaient les fortifier.

D'autre part, l'interprète doit disposer, des qualités vocales suffisantes, et c'est là où nous nous trouvons en face de la grande difficulté qui est peut-être bien le problème technique le plus mal aisé à résoudre dans les Arts d'impression.

Je n'ai ici ni l'intention, ni le temps, de vous énumérer les moyens qu'il faut employer pour résoudre cette difficulté, c'est à dire pour arriver à une parfaite connaissance de l'organe vocale. Je me contenterai de vous dire qu'à mon avis, pour être bon interprète du drame lyrique il n'est pas absolument besoin d'un organe d'une puissance exceptionnelle, ni d'un charme irresistible. Quelque enviables que soient de telles qualités, de nombreux exemples à vous connus, et dont je ne citerai qu'un seul—*Georges Ronconi*—prouvent qu'on peut, même sans elles, devenir un admirable interprète, et qu'il suffit d'un organe ayant une puissance sonore assez forte pour pouvoir être entendu sans recourir à l'effort, or, une voix de ce genre, est chose assez ordinaire puisque la plupart de ceux qui abordent la carrière lyrique la possèdent. Mais à côté de la quantité sonore suffisante la condition essentielle d'un organe destiné à l'interprétation de drame lyrique est de posséder, dans la production des sonorités une variété qui n'a rien de pareil dans l'opéra lyrique, variété telle que l'interprète puisse exprimer spontanément dans une même scène le calme, la tendresse, la passion, la colère, la terreur, aussi souvent que le demande le caractère du personnage représenté et suivant les situations, et la condition sociale où doit se mouvoir le personnage.

Prenons quelques types. Par exemple : Don Juan, Rigoletto, Pierre le Grand, Iago, Guillaume Tell.—Est-il un seul instant admissible que ces types, si différents dans leur tempérament, dans leurs attitudes, dans leur situation sociale, puissent être uniformément rendus par un organe ne pouvant donner qu'une seule et même couleur ? Ainsi, le timbre de voix qu'il convient d'employer pour le séduisant et sceptique "Don Juan," pourrait-il être le même que celui qu'il convient d'attribuer au grave et ardent patriote Guillaume Tell ?

Et le timbre de voix de ce dernier, pourrait-il convenir au personnage anormal, aigri et mordant, de Rigoletto ? Evidemment non. Il serait aussi faux d'adopter pour Rigoletto une voix souple, amoureuse et séduisante, qu'il serait déraisonnable d'attribuer à Don Juan le type de voix grave et concentré qui convient au caractère méditatif de Guillaume Tell. Tout homme est généralement doté des qualités vocales qui conviennent à son tempérament, et l'interprète, dans le drame lyrique, a le devoir absolu de mettre son timbre de voix en harmonie avec le caractère du personnage qu'il représente.

Messieurs, le rapide exposé de quelques aperçus esthétiques suffira peut-être à vous démontrer que le progrès graduel de l'art lyrique a eu pour conséquence d'accroître les difficultés qu'ont à surmonter les interprètes.

Depuis la naissance du drame lyrique—la carrière du chanteur a pris un tel développement intellectuel que pour arriver désormais à des résultats simplement honorables il faut toute une existence d'étude, et de sacrifices de toutes natures. J'espère donc en toute confiance, que l'Angleterre, qui a si puissamment contribué au bien-être des artistes passés, ne refusera pas son appui, plus utile que jamais, aux artistes à venir, qu'elle accueillera avec sympathie la jeune pensée d'hommes qui de l'intérieur comme du dehors viendront sur ce sol hospitalier faire valoir leur mérite dans l'art nouveau et qu'elle favorisera encore aussi de sa puissante intervention cette belle et grande conception humaine qui s'appelle le DRAME LYRIQUE.

THE SOCIAL FORCES WHICH HAVE INFLUENCED MUSIC.

BY J. P. ROWBOTHAM.

IV.

We have now to consider music under the dominion and empire of a certain idea, and to view the manner in which such an influence impressed itself upon the art. Like a transparency which can reflect all colours, or rather like an organ which can give any sound according to the wind which is breathed into its pipes, music can be at various times the medium or the mouthpiece of the most contrasted inspirations, and in considering it as the expositor of battle and arms we are surely about to view the gentle art in as remote an aspect of its power as could well be imagined. We propose to consider music in the present paper as the voice of chivalry, and to examine what strange guise it will bear when its expositors are knights of fame and belted barons. Such musicians differed completely from all other minstrels which one could meet in the world's history. With reproach to the honour of mankind be it said that the minstrel clan throughout the past annals of civilization have been poor and despised, often wanderers over the face of the earth, always dependent on the patronage and favours of the great. The Troubadors, on the contrary, who will furnish our subject now, were courtly gentlemen who pursued the art of music for the love they bore it; and while all were cavaliers of the first degree of knighthood, they could reckon among their numbers four kings, many princes of royal blood, and of counts and dukes very many. And because the practice of music was often esteemed an ignoble pursuit, and only the composition of it fit for the etiquette of their rank, they were accustomed to keep wandering minstrels, or "jongleurs," as they were called, in their service as inferior esquires, and would instruct these servants of their art to sing their music at the courts of their friends or under the windows of their lady-love. Yet we must not think of these strange professors of music as retired and studious composers—as some have endeavoured to make them—but as something very different. For at the first breath of spring the Troubadour, who had passed the winter in his castle, varying the exercise of arms with the composition of music, mounted on his steed, and attended by his jongleurs, sallied out in quest of listeners, prepared to indulge in what adventures might befall him on the way. As the knight-errants of chivalry, so these chevaliers of music, commending themselves to fortune and their lady, gave the reins to their steed and let it carry them where it chose, abandoning themselves to delightful contemplation; while the jongleurs, on foot in the rear, tuning up their instruments, sang out their master's songs, that echoed through the meadows and woods as they passed along. In no long time they would reach a castle, where the news of their coming had already been announced by a jongleur despatched for the purpose in front. And when they arrived at the castle gate the Troubadour dismounted, and was soon the centre of a courtly throng assembled to receive him, who helped him to divest himself of his armour (for being a knight bachelor he always rode in knightly panoply), and arrayed him in a velvet mantle, as was usual in the hospitality of the time; while the jongleurs ranging themselves in a row before the company began a preface to their concert, which was often couched in the most fantastic terms. "We come," they would sing, "bringing a precious balsam which cures all sorts of ills, and heals the troubles both of body and mind. It is contained in a vase of gold, adorned with jewels the most rare. Even to see it is wonderful pleasure, as you will find if you care to try. The balsam is the music of our master, the vase of gold is our courtly company. Would you have the vase open, and disclose its ineffable treasure?" And so they prattled on in most harmonious music, twanging their instruments and piping the while. This was the prelude to a long list of songs that might take days for their apt delivery. For not all these songs were sung in the courtyard at their entry, but only a chosen few, and those the most appropriate. After this came royal cheer in the banqueting-hall, and the jongleurs sitting below the salt would ever and anon break out in some harmonious strain at a signal from their master most à propos and pleasant for the occasion. And next morning music on the ramparts overlooking the moat, where the ladies were wont to walk and talk in the early part of the day with the knights and squires, or in the meadows outside the castle—and this more often in the afternoon, when a gallant company of knights and ladies from the surrounding district were assembled, and carpets of brocade were spread on the grass, and they sat in groups up and down the meadow, while the

jongleurs moved about, singing as before. Here it was, and on such distinguished occasions, that the Troubadour himself perhaps would sing—a rare privilege, which he was chary of according; and taking his guitar from the hands of an attendant jongleur, he would strike the strings and commence his excellent refrain, and very soon all that courtly company had gathered round the spot where he was singing, for such singing was no common privilege to hear. In every castle there was a large book kept, and the seigneur of the castle had a scrivener on purpose to copy in it whatever very greatly pleased him, and wherever the Troubadour and his jongleurs went they always left many such songs behind.

So it continued all the summer time; and when the winter came Amanien de Escas, the Troubadour, shall tell us how they employed their time then:—"When hail and frost cover the earth, and cause man and beast to shelter themselves from the cold, I am sitting in the house with my pages, singing of love, of joy, and of arms. The warm fire burns bright, and the floors are well covered with mats. White wines and red are on the table." Every day a new song was written, and the jongleurs were continually engaged in rehearsing their effusions under their master's guidance against bespangled spring, when the round of pleasures begin again.

In the midst of such gaiety of life, with the thoughts of the composers turned on love and gallantry, and their ambition having no higher scope than to furnish *pièces d'occasion* which should please their lady-love or their friends, we might expect the literature to arise which, as a matter of fact, did develop under the fostering influence of the Troubadours. For the first time in the world was heard in Provence that piece of music known as a nocturne—not that its form was identical with the form of the modern composition of any necessity, but its spirit was precisely the same. The nocturnes of the Troubadours showed men that music had possibilities in that direction, had openings in such a vein of sentiment, which musicians at large had neither dreamt of nor suspected, but which have since been turned to masterly account. Still more famous than their nocturnes were their serenades, which they sang under the windows of their mistress after the sun had gone to rest, and their aubades with which they bade her rise when the summer sun stood high in the early heavens. The simple chanson flowed in marvellous beauty among the Troubadours, and was developed to a neat and artistic form. Their dirges, their sonnets, their ballads—all slight and ephemeral compositions—helped to complete a large literature of light music which but for their initiative might have been entirely excluded from the beaten walks of the art, banished from music by the strict and severe theorists of the time. These are some of the benefits which we owe to the Troubadours, most considerable and important. But a still further advantage they bestowed on music by calling the attention of the world to themes of love as the most promising subjects for the short and slight effusions which they had made exclusively their own. Searching all the musical remains from the beginning of the Christian era till the eleventh or twelfth centuries, we find scarcely any songs devoted to this so obvious purpose. Whether the burghers of the middle ages conducted their love-making without the obvious adornment of music as a concomitant we cannot say. Certainly the monks had no love-making to indulge in, as their silence so fully explains. Be that as it may, the field of amorous music was first fully exploited by the Troubadours, whose feats in this direction it is needless to recapitulate. Thus while severe and conscientious men were busily engaged in universities and in monasteries in involving the art of music in a web of intricacies which led in the succeeding centuries to complication and reaction, the new paths of the art were being trodden and opened by these gay spirits of the south, with whom all was sunshine and the year one livelong May. Music to them was no pursuit of labour or weariness of the flesh, but "the Gay Science"—and in continuation of the idea they called one another the "Doctors of the Gay Science." They had contests together in singing and playing, for which the prize was a golden violet, and we could tell of numerous paths of pleasure not dissimilar in which music and delight went hand in hand.

But one special and quite unexpected contribution of theirs to the history of the art must by no means be omitted, although they were perhaps entirely unconscious of the future which awaited their invention, and would most of all men have been surprised to be told that what they invented in silk and lace would have become the favourite amusement and pursuit of crabbed scholars in their studies, of sour theorists, of severe ecclesiastics, the pride of pedants, and the stumbling-block of fools.

In order to decide the various disputes which arose from time to time among such gallants relative to the points which to them were worth more

than a kingdom—whether the yellow hair of the peerless maid Clairette were of a more exquisite golden hue than the fair locks of the lovely Emilie, whether the eyes of Azalais de Bouville were less bright than the diamonds which twinkled beneath the eyebrows of Mary de Ventadour—in order, I say, to lay their common disputes completely and finally at rest, Courts of Love were established throughout Provence, in which the judge and jury were the ladies of the district, who sat round raised tables placed on a dais in the hall, and would often meet together to the number of sixty or more to decide so weighty a case which affected the happiness of several families. Beneath the dais was an arena surrounded with seats for the accommodation of the public, and in the arena the two disputing Troubadours appeared, with their guitars in their hands, bedizened in silks and satins, each ready to maintain by music the superiority of the lady whose champion he was. The musical duel began in the following way: a given phrase of melody was assigned to each combatant, to which he extemporised fitting words, with such variations on the ground form of the music as he thought likely to add to the decoration of his thought; and these two phrases were bandied about from one to the other without a pause—for pausing would be tantamount to defeat, and would point to a breakdown—and thus throughout the contest one long uninterrupted movement with subject and counter-subject (to employ a musical description of it) was the result. The first Troubadour sang in his half an assertion relating to the lady he befriended; the second replied in his, either confuting with dexterity the preceding statement or making an assertion equally commendable on the beauty of his own lady-love. The sentences were pretty, the musical replies were melodious, the guitars twanged, the listeners admired, and at the end loud applause and a triumphal wreath hailed the fortunate conqueror. We have merely to consider the music apart from the actors in the drama and the strange and unexpected surroundings, to be aware that in this musical duel of the Troubadours—the "tenso" or contention, as it was called—we have all the elements in a rudimentary state of that form of music known as the Fugue. The Fugue has been laboriously deduced from many originals, but of all the places in which its nativity has been searched for this alone has been neglected, with the result that the real initiators of the form have remained without credit for their invention. After the days of the Troubadours we find the Fugue begin to appear as a musical form in Europe—not before; so that it is plain that the science of the cloisters did little more than elaborate and render methodical that form of art which it had learnt from secular sources, and which was as common in the practice of the Trouvères of Northern France as of the Troubadours in the South, and popular with all classes of society long before it became the subject of study and scientific development in the schools. Thus from most unexpected quarters is the art of music often helped on in her career; and science and learning are often not of such moment, at particular periods of their history, as the plain instinctive initiative of less profound and cultivated men.

THE HISTORY OF MILITARY MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A most comprehensive lecture on the loan collection of ancient and modern military musical instruments was given at the Town Hall, Chelsea, on Tuesday last by Mr. J. A. Kappey, R.M., the musical illustrations being played by the band of the Royal School of Military Music, Kneller Hall, under the direction of Mr. Bilton.

The lecturer said that this collection, thanks to the energy of Colonel Shaw-Hellier, Captain Day, and Mr. Hipkins, was the largest and most complete of its kind ever brought together in England, and its value was enhanced by the fact that no history of this branch of musical art had yet been written. The oldest instruments were pipes, horns, and trumpets, and the origin of these were lost in the mists of antiquity. To most amateurs the title horn and trumpet conveyed a very vague idea; the difference however was that the tube of the horn was conical, i.e., gradually increased in size to the bell, while the tube of the trumpet remained the same size until close up to the bell. The latter construction gave a bright, brilliant tone; the former a more mellow and rich tone. The length of the tube gave the pitch, the width the quality of tone. For convenience the tubes were now curved and coiled, but the principle remained the same." The lecturer then described the flute douce and the flute-à-bec, exhibiting several fine

specimens. Passing on to the important family of reed instruments, Mr. Kappey divided them into three classes: separate reeds held between the lips, reeds vibrating in a cup as in the bagpipes, and double reeds. The single reed instruments, as the chalumeau or shawm, were of very ancient origin, and it was in experimenting with one of these that Denner, about 1690, stumbled on the principle of the clarinet, which at first scarcely differed from its progenitor. It now took the part of the first violins in military bands. Its name was derived from the highest notes of the trumpet being called *clarino*, and the diminutive clarinet was adapted to signify that its tones would blend well with and support the "*clarino*" tones. From the double reed instruments, some of which, called "*pommers*," were made of such enormous length as to necessitate their being carried by four men while they were played by a fifth, were developed the present oboe, though it had taken about two hundred and fifty years to bring this little instrument to its present state of perfection, most of the improvements having taken place within the last thirty or forty years. Side by side with the alterations undergone by the oboe were the improvements effected in the bassoon. Another most important family of instruments were the cornetto or zincken, originally merely animals' horns with conical bore, to which a mouthpiece was subsequently added. They were most important instruments from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, no band being considered complete without them. From them were developed the serpent, the S shape being adopted to render the length of the tube more manageable and bring the lateral holes within reach of the player's fingers. From this instrument was evolved the ophicleide. It would be noticed indeed that the whole history of these instruments was a forcible example of evolution and survival of the fittest.

Of the music performed on these instruments, that for horns, owing to the limited number of harmonic notes at the player's disposal, had best preserved its individuality. Horn bands were employed in the chase, to cheer the ride home, and at the repasts. The next important bands were those of trumpeters. Five centuries ago they were forbidden to play except on State occasions. Trumpet players formed themselves into guilds and secured special privileges. The superiority of their social position doubtless arose from the extreme difficulty of their instruments. The art of tongueing was brought to perfection and kept a secret for centuries, apprentices being sworn to secrecy. The town of Augsburg was the first to obtain the privilege of using trumpeters in their town band. Emperor Sigismund, being in want of money, applied to the burghers for a loan, which they granted, but on the condition that they might for ever after use the royal instruments. Other towns soon made application for a similar privilege, and as the royal coffers often needed replenishing the indulgence was generally granted for "a consideration." The advent of these players in town bands no doubt had a stimulating effect on the progress of music generally. Another interesting use of town bands was the custom of smaller towns to send commercial legations, headed by their band, at certain seasons of the year to some town of greater distinction to themselves. On such occasions the band, arrayed in velvet and feathered caps, walked through the town visited, and right up to the municipal council table without removing their hats in sign of their independence. The band, however, generally consisted of three men respectively playing a shawm, pommer, and bass-pommer. Kettle-drums, which, as now, seem to have always been associated with trumpets, were probably brought into Europe by the Crusaders, who saw them used by the Moslems. Henry VIII.'s band consisted of three flutes, three rebecs, one harp, two viols, fourteen trumpeters, ten trombones, four horns, three trombones, and a bagpipe. The full effect of such a band must have been invigorating! Carl Webber was the last who wrote a 'royal flourish': it is in sixteen trumpet parts. Louis XIV. was the first to officially recognise military music by asking Lully in 1650 to arrange the '*Marche des Mousquetaires du Roi de France*' and '*Air des Hautbois*,' a parade piece for the Court band. During the seventeenth century the '*Jannissary bands*' came into notice. These bands, formed of shrieking pipes and big drums, headed each column of the cruel but brave corps of the Sultan known as '*Jannissaries*.' The bands continued playing during battles as close as could be to the combatants, and seem to have been originated from recognition of the physiological fact that noise, if it is only made loud and shrill enough, will raise warlike courage to ferocity. The performers were peculiarly richly dressed, and doubtless attracted the attention of European princes. August II., King of Poland, was the first to acquire a complete Jannissary band, the gift, as a

peace offering, of the Sultan. Afterwards Frederick the Great obtained one in a similar manner. The use of the bass drum and cymbals dated from these events, and the three-tailed crescent, by which a Jannissary band was always preceded, was still carried by Prussian bands. As improvements were made in the instruments progress was made in the music. The introduction of the valve at the beginning of this century gave the performer twenty more notes to the former eleven of the harmonic series, and since then the progress of military had been rapid. The French Revolution also gave a great impetus to military music. Its *fêtes* being always arranged with regard to effect, military music was largely called into requisition, several hundred performers being often employed. Regarding the progress of military music in England, George III. was the first to import a military band from Hanover, consisting of twenty-five pipers and three negro drummers. We had, however, made great progress of late years, and the future was full of promise. The lecturer concluded by drawing attention to the great utility and beneficent results to be derived from military music both in war time and peace. The interest of the lecture was greatly increased by the admirable performance of the following marches:—Horn music: "*Morning call to the Royal Chase*" and "*Hunting Fanfare*." Traditional about 1500. Trumpet music: "*A Royal Flourish*" and "*Trumpeter March*," about 15th to 16th century. The "*Bamberger Marsch*" of the Frankfort Pipers' Court, about 1550. A Flemish March. A Saxon Regimental March, 1720, one of the first in which a part is written for the clarinet, at that time a new instrument. "*Marche des Mousquetaires du Roi de France*," arranged by Lully, and "*Air des Hautbois*" (Parade Piece), 1650. Jannissary March (Turkish). "*Old Dessauer*" March, 1706. "*The 6,000 florin March*," 1750. Coronation of Emperor Napoleon I. March, 1804. London Military Exhibition March, Kappey.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF BAYREUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: In view of the approaching Festival to be held at Bayreuth in July and August, 1891, it may not be out of place to make a suggestion—nay, indeed, a very strong and urgent appeal to head-quarters and to Richard Wagner's followers and admirers *en masse*. Anyone who has studied Wagner's own writings on the object and importance of the drama, anyone who has once witnessed if only one of his later dramas, must be struck with this paramount idea that it was Wagner's aim and object to place before his audience at each representation not a mere drama, not a mere vivid picture to chain the attention and furnish amusement, but a world in which you or I, though only a spectator, should for the time being move to the exclusion of all other ideas. We are to forget it is a drama, to forget self, and to live merely in that which we see and hear, to become actors for the nonce, though only silent actors, as was Parsifal when he stood and watched the celebration of the Rites of the Grail. Place yourself with me in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. The lights are lowered. Now analyse your memory. Can you tell me that while you proceeded step by step, as it were, from the first announcement of the Spear-motive to the Grail-motive, from the Promise of Redemption to the Prayer of Faith and Hope, you had any distinct consciousness of material surroundings? Were you not rather "in the spirit" caught up midway between heaven and earth, so that when the curtain parted you descended quite naturally to the soft green earth in the forest of Montsalvat, and taking up your post under the shade of the trees, watched at a respectful distance the sleeping forms of Gurnemanz and his two esquires. If this were not so the fault lay in one of two directions: either your own imaginative capacity was not sufficiently sensitive to abstract you entirely from your surroundings, or the stage management was at fault. Certain it is that wherever the fault lay it was not with the perfect intention of Richard Wagner. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred I believe that a failure to realize Wagner's ideal is due—at Bayreuth—to incapacity on the part of the spectator rather than to any lack of artistic finish in the thing represented. By incapacity I mean nothing in any sense detrimental, but merely the mental inability to become utterly lost in and absorbed by the artistic ideal as it was in the brain of its creator. The capacity for substituting "the idea" for the thing presented is a necessary qualification for the appreciation of any great work of art, let it be music, painting, sculpture, poetry, or architecture; and I maintain that it is because of the inability to live this life within a life, to bring this mental concentration to a state of perfection, that to the bulk of mankind the term "Art" is nothing more

than a synonym for "refined amusement." Patience and a higher educational standard may in time remove the incapacity which is the cause of the ninety-and-nine failures to realise the ideal, but for that hundredth case measures active and stringent must at once be resorted to; and it is on account of this hundredth case that I appeal not only to my fellow Wagnerites in this and every other country, but to all lovers of truth and justice—nor will I cease my complaint till the evil is done away with and the stain which now rests on the Festspiel once and for ever removed. Those who really see in Wagner's theories the possibility of an ideal drama, and are anxious to perpetuate his teachings to the ennobling of dramatic art will be showing themselves his truest servants, not by seeing every Wagnerian representation through rose-coloured spectacles, but by boldly and ruthlessly exposing every minutest departure from the artistic idea. Perfection was ever before the mind of Wagner, and we should be but poor custodians of his legacy to humanity were we to countenance any departure, however seemingly minute, from his original conception; therefore, taking the perfect ideal as my standard, I do not hesitate to raise my loudest voice in censure of an apparent trifle. I deny that it is a trifle. The least departure from the truth can only be trivial to the negligent. To the earnest in art, as in everything else, imperfection, however slight the deviation, is a monstrosity, because it is imperfection, and therefore the exact opposite to God, by which I mean the universal idea of absolute good which has existed in all ages, whether embodied in the Egyptian, the Jewish, the Buddhist, or the perfect Christian ideal. I was present at every performance of the last Festival in 1889, and at nearly all of those in the previous year, and I can safely say that my highest ideal was never so nearly realised as on those occasions. Everything conspired to a state of perfect concentration. I was transported in spirit to the ancient city of the Meistersinger; I watched with Kurwenal beside the dying form of Tristan; I stood with Parsifal, a mute spectator of the mysterious rites of the Grail. Perhaps in no case was this state of mental concentration so intense as during the anointing of Parsifal at the holy well, in the third act of the drama. Who could but weep at the look of divine compassion streaming from the eye of Kundry's Redeemer, as, humbly kneeling before him, she anointed his feet with oil; and as the aged Gurnemanz received the phial from her hands and poured the oil upon the head of Parsifal, who was not moved by the sublime reality of the whole scene? How one sympathised with the venerable knight when, no longer able to restrain his thankful joy, he gave way to that most expressive of all physical expressions of worship, that of raising his outstretched hands to heaven, as though to grasp the very hand of God!—and grasped, instead, a hand of flesh and blood! Yes, we saw it with our own eyes, a hand behind the roses which shadowed the holy well, a solid human hand, into which Gurnemanz slipped the empty phial. Alas! for the Ideal! With one rude shock we felt ourselves transported back to a material world, almost suffocated by bricks and mortar and a nineteenth century audience which seemed pushing and crushing upon us. Where were we? Certainly not in the Forest of Montsalvat. Anywhere on earth but there.

Having stated my grievance, let me appeal to all who have any spark of artistic feeling—is it right that any artistic enterprise should be ruined through so inexcusable an offence against every canon of Art as this? What should we have said had we found in the middle of one of Burne-Jones's "Briar-rose" pictures a raw patch of canvas, rudely reminding us that, after all, the vision before us was only paint? And is the grievance not doubly great when the work in question is the masterpiece, the very climax of the whole artistic effort of the man who spent his entire life in bringing about a reform in the drama, who rescued the so-called opera from the gross and inartistic absurdities which had fettered it for generations, and from its funeral pyre raised that phoenix of modern times—the Lyric Drama? If it is impossible for Gurnemanz, owing to what is expected of him in the future, to retain the phial in his possession—and it would be inartistic for him to stoop at that juncture—would it not be more natural that he should return the phial to Kundry, and that she should place it on the ground beside the well? I do not know what were the master's own directions on this point, but of this I am convinced, that had he sat where I did, and seen that terrible human hand only once obtrude itself into the midst of his ideal conception, as I did more than once, he would never have rested till the blot had been expunged. So that, even if I am questioning the master's own authority, I will not flinch, as, though daring to criticise his own directions, I shall be doing him service if I can only succeed in getting this defect remedied; and he would be the first to distinguish between the respectful suggestion of a disciple and the meddlesome fault-

finding of an enemy. I therefore appeal most earnestly to all Wagnerians, and especially to those who have any influence at head-quarters, to take this matter up, for many must have been shocked as severely as I was. What are my fellow members of the Wagner Society doing? The society doubtless contains many who are anxious as I am that the Bayreuth performances should retain their high character, and to them I appeal! Will they allow this defect to be repeated next year without so much as a protest? There are many stage defects, in "Parsifal" particularly, which it is almost impossible to remedy, but which, after all, only force themselves unpleasantly upon those in the front rows, and are absolutely necessary to the mechanism of the play—such, for instance, as the electric wire attached to the Grail, the wire on which the spear has to run when hurled by Klingsor at Parsifal, and the wire by which the dove is suspended in the last act. It is a pity that these cannot be rendered less visible, as they entirely destroy any illusion, and therefore mar the artistic intention. But while in these cases there are all but insurmountable difficulties in the way, and one feels, while submitting to the inevitable, that the authorities have done their very best to carry out the master's intention, in the other case there is no such excuse, and one can feel only shame and sorrow at an offence which, however excusable it might be in a Gaiety burlesque, is unpardonable at Bayreuth. Surely it is not so difficult a feat for Gurnemanz to get rid of that phial that he need resort to a trick the clumsiness and transparency of which would bring ridicule on any school-boy conjuror of twelve? And why resort to a trick at all? Let me remark in passing that in levelling the present attack I refer, not merely to this particular incident, but to the much wider field of our want of thoroughness as a nation in all matters connected with art, of which the instance in question is an example. For Wagner's Idea is the property of all nations, and though the blunder was not perpetrated by the English, it is like our insular want of enthusiasm to sit and look on in silence. It may be objected, why did I not mention this circumstance in my articles from Bayreuth to "THE MUSICAL WORLD" last year? Simply because, though it annoyed me afresh at each recurrence, I failed to distinguish the magnitude of the difference which existed between this and the other defects mentioned above, which seemed unavoidable; because, on the whole, the representation was well-nigh perfect, and to have picked a hole about an apparent trifle would have seemed invidious, because I did not then see the enormity of imperfection. But even a critic thinks occasionally, and I am not ashamed to confess that in another year's meditation on the sublimity of art, as embodied in Wagner's Ideal, I have learned something, if only a little, and that I hope ever to learn at the same fount of inspiration—the Truth.

Truly yours,

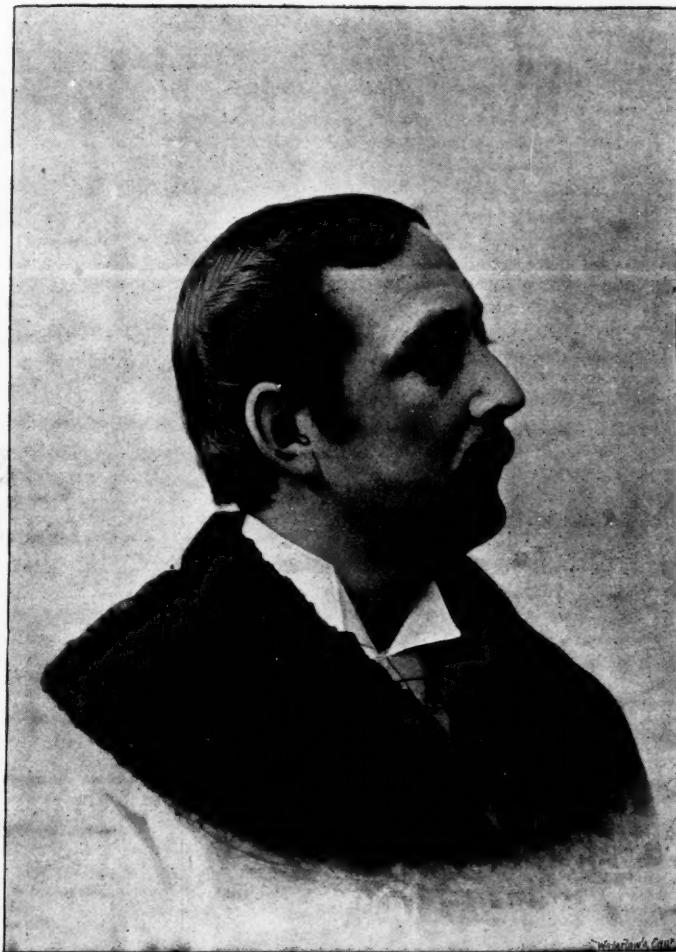
L. G. M. BLYTH.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Herr Brahms has just finished a new quintett for stringed instruments, and handed over the score to the Rosé-quartett in Vienna, by whom the work will no doubt be shortly brought to a hearing. Amateurs will look eagerly for the production of this companion piece to the Quintett in F, Op. 88.

The fourth Gewandhaus-Concert at Leipzig was distinguished by the production of a new symphony by Heinrich v. Herzogenberg, a composer some of whose chamber music has been performed in this country. The new work, though described in the programme as "Second Symphony," is really the third, unless we are to suppose that the author disowns his early symphony, entitled "Odysseus," Op. 16. Its reception was sufficiently favourable, and the third movement was warmly applauded. The author, who has just recovered from a serious illness, conducted in person.

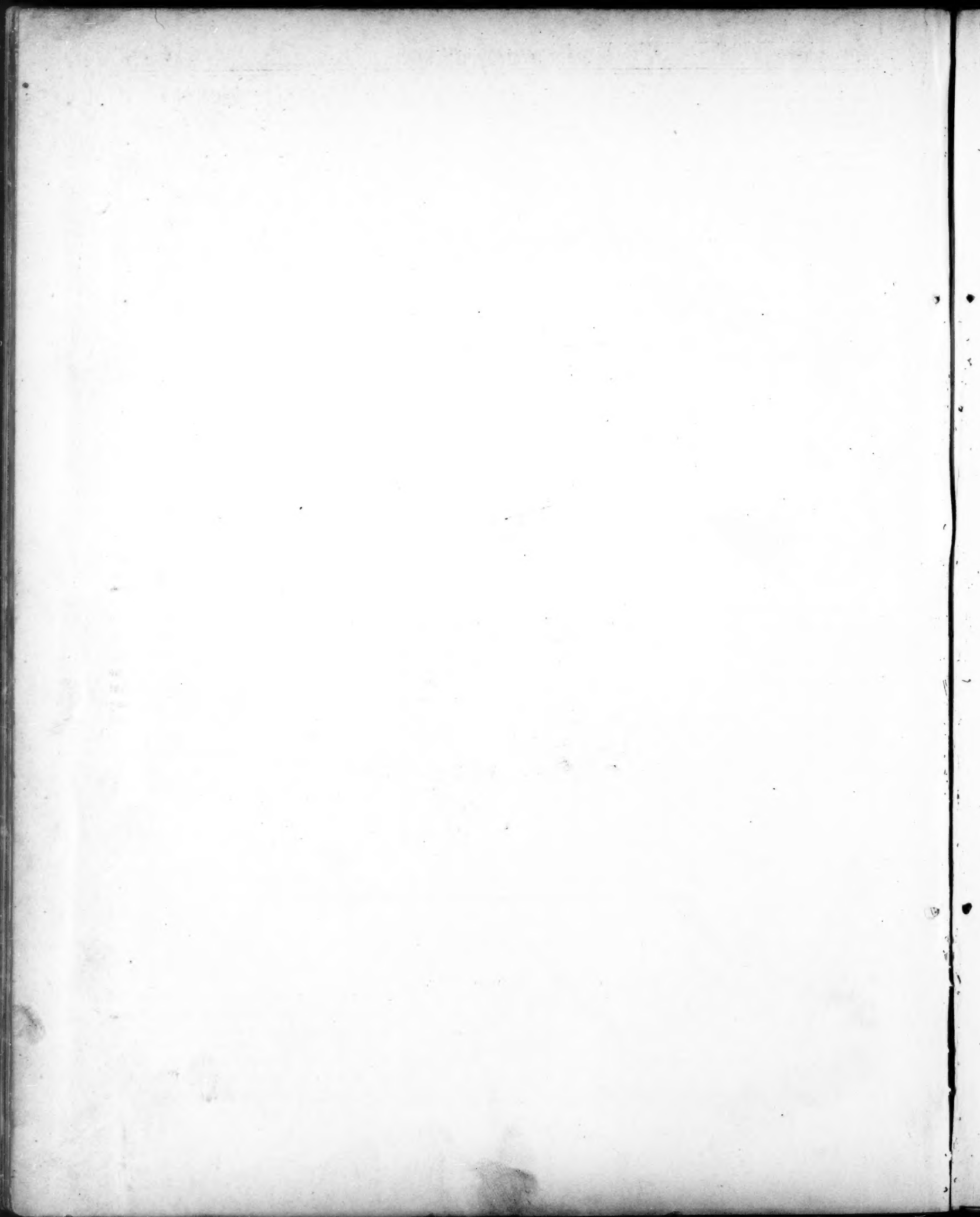
Liszt's "S. Elizabeth" has been brought out as an opera both at Cologne (under Mühlendorfer) and at Carlsruhe (under Mottl) on Oct. 21, the eve of Liszt's birthday. At Carlsruhe the performance was honoured by the presence of Madame Wagner, Liszt's daughter (who is said to have given some valuable hints for the proper performance of certain portions), and of a large party of distinguished persons from Bayreuth. It is added that a scheme is contemplated for producing at Carlsruhe, during some holiday season, as a kind of lesser Wagnerite Festival, those works of Wagner which are not considered suitable for the theatre at Bayreuth.



MR. F. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

From a photograph by DEBENHAM and GOULD, Bournemouth.

See p. 894.



The success of Cornelius's "Barber of Bagdad" at the Dresden Opera House, where it was produced for the first time on October 22, following on that obtained at Vienna only two or three weeks before, may be considered as decisive of the claims of the work to take a permanent place in the *répertoire*. The Dresden theatre is now regarded as the most artistic opera-house in Germany, and a work produced there with success is one which may not be readily ignored. This opera was first brought out at Weimar in 1858 by Liszt, who had the greatest admiration for it, and the coldness of its reception had something to do with leading him to quit the place for some time. For thirty years the opera lay neglected, until, strangely enough, the death of its great champion brought it to the memory of a few. It was revived, and from that time it has gained in fame and popularity by every performance.

Herr Carl Goldmark has rewritten a great part of the third act of his opera "Merlin." He declares that the first performance convinced him that this portion needed to be rewritten, both as regards words and music, in a more dramatic fashion.

The amount already subscribed for the projected statue to Bizet amounts to more than twenty thousand francs: meanwhile M. Saint-Saëns, whilst warmly supporting the scheme of a memorial of some kind, pleads for a monument surmounted by a bust only, in place of a complete statue, basing his objection on the ugliness of modern male costume, which (he says) is absolutely rebellious to treatment by sculpture.

M. Verdhurt has inaugurated his management of the new Théâtre Lyrique (the old Eden Theatre) by the production on the 31st ult. of the "Samson et Dalila" of M. Saint-Saëns for the first time in Paris. The piece is no novelty in itself, having been produced by Liszt at Weimar in 1877, and quite recently by M. Verdhurt himself at Rouen. The score also was published long ago. The three chief parts of Dalila, Samson, and the High Priest of Dagon were performed in admirable style by Mlle. Rosine Bloch, MM. Talazac and Bouhy. The second novelty, Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," was produced on Monday.

The orchestra of M. Lamoureux having concluded a most successful tour through the chief towns of Holland, is now giving concerts at Brussels, and naturally meeting with the most enthusiastic reception. According to a telegraphic despatch published in the "Ménestrel," M. Schurmann, the *impresario* of the tour, has signed a contract with M. Lamoureux to give 50 concerts in this country.

Encouraged by the successful result of the late competition instituted by him, which brought to light the "Cavalleria Rusticana," Sig. Sonzogno has instituted two more competitions, one for a two-act opera, and another for an opera in one act. We hope the enterprising publisher will have his reward.

REVIEWS.

[From ST. CECILIA MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.]

"Caprice Espagnol," for violoncello and piano, composed by John W. Gritton.—A melodious and graceful piece, in which unusual effect is obtained without technical difficulties for either performer.

"Serenata," composed and arranged for violin and pianoforte by F. V. Kornatzki.—An expressive and pleasing composition, well within the means of amateurs who can play with taste.

"Gavotte Loyale," by the same composer.—This little specimen of the time-honoured dance is quite easy to play, clear in design, and nicely harmonised in accordance with the requirements of modern style.

"He that loves a rosy cheek," song; words by Thomas Carew, music by Frank Moir.—A telling song for a baritone voice. The composer has well carried out the sturdy old English character of the verse.

"Towards our own, our native shore," song; words by Muriel Knyvett, music by Oscar Wagner.—The prefix to the name of Wagner will prevent any mistake as to the style of this song, which, though well written, does not abound with characteristics of the "Music of the Future." Still, it is pleasing and effective in its way and likely to be generally appreciated.

The Dramatic World.

"BEAU AUSTIN."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 5TH NOVEMBER, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMUSE,—

I fear that you will think me a very ingenuous person when I tell you that I am disappointed with the critics. "What did you expect of them?" is your natural question; and in reply I can but blush and hang my head. I suppose I *did* expect something of them; and I admit that, after all these years, it was foolish of me.

When I say the critics, I mean those self-appointed judges in pit and gallery, as well as the professional gentlemen in the stalls; and I quite allow that these latter, in their newspapers, did but echo the opinion expressed audibly enough by the former, when the curtain fell. This is no excuse; but it may fairly be taken as a proof that the printed criticism is an honest expression of opinion. I heard rumours on Monday night that Mr. W. E. Henley had made enemies among the newspaper writers; but these were absurd. Mr. Henley is supposed to be the editor of a somewhat pert and aggressive journal; but he may take it for granted that if his brother-journalists had liked his play they would have said so.

But they did not, and said so; and, as you will have observed, I object to this honest expression of opinion. This sounds sufficiently intolerant, but it is perfectly true. I am disappointed that they held such opinions; I don't think they had any business to hold them.

Many of the faults that have been found with "Beau Austin" have been found most justly; the last Act, in particular, seems to me indefensibly weak and stogy; but I maintain that those who set themselves to criticise our plays, who profess themselves to be well-wishers of the English stage, ought to have recognised that here was a comedy on a higher level than any, perhaps, than any that we have had for years—at all events very far above all but two or three of our recent stage-works.

It is literature; it can be read; this most critics have admitted—rather with the air of adding to its offences. Yet, to deal with this point alone, how rare a virtue is this, so carelessly conceded: rare, I would point out, not only among successfully acted plays, but among the "plays for the closet" now and then condescendingly printed by literary men—for these are for the most part hybrids, ridiculous to act and impossible to read. I won't mention the works of any living man; but did you ever try to read Thackeray's comedy called, I think, "The Wolf and the Lamb?" If you did, how far did you get with the wretched thing?

The greatest of novelists stooped to write for the stage—he tried to write *down* to it—and that was his mistake. There is no severer taskmistress than the Muse of Comedy; and, as a rule, her tasks are naturally most difficult to those who have not served an apprenticeship to her art.

Yet this makes only more remarkable the merit of the new comedy by two literary men—Messrs. Louis Stevenson and Henley—who are not professed dramatists. "Beau Austin" is not only well written; it distinctly held and interested its audience on Monday night. I sat next some cultivated people, only so far interested in the stage as cultivated people should be; they were as much fascinated, as much carried away by the play as was

the audience as a whole—as I was myself. But when the curtain fell, I heard unpleasant sounds from above; and when afterwards I chatted with critics they had not a good word to say for the poor piece—which was nevertheless *not* a poor piece, but a very fine one. (I make, as before, a mental reservation on the score of that last Act, which I could not away with. Yet, last Act or no, the play to my thinking ranks far above most plays of our later English stage.)

One fault which was found with the play might indeed just as well have been reckoned a virtue: being neither fault nor virtue, or either of the two, according to circumstances and period. This was the extreme simplicity of the first and second Acts, which were rather scenes than acts, according to the old system of construction. But these scenes were interesting while they lasted—and not only interesting but fresh, full of life and character—and when one came to the climax of the play, the *scène à faire* in the third Act, one could but feel that one's interest was every whit as great as if this crisis had been led up to by the zigzags of a carefully prepared imbroglio. There were human nature, literature, new and dramatic characters: what more did one want? I, for one, wished for nothing but an Act of equal strength to complete the play—and perhaps an ending not so stagily (and cynically) optimistic.

Many outspoken critics disbelieve entirely in the possibility of Dorothy Musgrave's refusal to marry the man who had seduced her; I think more nobly of woman, and in no wise disbelieve it. This is surely not far from being a parallel case to that of Clarissa; the age and character of the man, the skill and villainy of his plot, and his subsequent conduct, all make it more likely that his victim's love should have changed to hate than that she should be ready to accept with gratitude the insult of his tardy reparation. Nor is it, surely, impossible that she should still love and yet refuse him. The conduct of her booby brother, too, and of her chivalric suitor, seem to me, the one evidently natural and true, the other perfectly possible.

On the whole, then, in spite of evident faults, a thrilling and beautiful play: so written that critics who complain of the divorce of literature from the stage should, one would think, have been eager to welcome it. It is a higher duty to point out what is good and to praise it, than to find out faults, however bad they be.

But now I will find a few faults, just by way of showing that I speak without bias. There is a certain crudity here and there, which shows that the master among novelists is yet but a 'prentice-hand at stage-work. The first five minutes of exposition were extremely bald—though the actresses made things worse by being inaudible—and one was apt to find poor Dorothy's sentiments a little high-strung, not (I believe) because they were so, but because the careful preparation which Dumas called the whole secret of dramatic effect had been neglected. So, at a vital moment of the play, one could not but feel it a little ridiculous that a specially depraved and unprincipled *roué* should be converted from the error of his ways by a brief interview with a man twenty years his junior—an interview the like of which must surely have taken place many a time before in his guilty life. It is possible, however, that the play has been "cut" a little too severely in preparing it for the stage—I fancied that I saw traces of this here and there. Of the overplus of talk, complained of by many critics, I must admit that I felt nothing, after the first ten minutes.

A serious fault in the last Act may also, it is likely enough, be put down to the stagemanager rather than the author. The last scene of all—possible enough, if delicately handled, in a public room, such as the famous Pump-Room at Bath—became almost grotesquely stagi when it was acted in the open street. If the

author was here sacrificed to the scene painter, the author has just right to complain.

Of the acting I have not left myself much room to speak; but luckily there were very few actors—the fortunes of this four-act play were in half-a-dozen pairs of hands. Mr. Fred Terry again proved himself one of the very finest *jeunes premiers* our stage has known; he was perfect in sincerity and manliness. Mr. Maurice had a curiously difficult part, and perhaps made it more difficult by the height of colouring in its earlier scenes; but it would be hard to find another actor who would have played it so well. Mr. Brookfield was possibly a little too much of the Sam Weller, too little of the gentleman's gentleman.

Mrs. Tree had a trying, one might almost say a terrible task, in the first Act, and it was almost too much for her; but in her great scene later on she played, not only with unflinching understanding, but with emotion and even with power. About that final shriek—I have not yet quite made up my mind.

Mr. Tree I should be inclined to accuse of a very unwise act—I believe he had been reading Mr. Henley's prologue. Now this piece of verse, though delightfully written, was entirely wrong—wrong by at least forty years. To date a play 1820 and then talk about the stately manners of the period, the absence of slang, is to display an ignorance which is delightful in these cultured days. Why, Sir, as you know, there never were such rowdies as the rowdies of the Regency; the lady who said that "By the living Jingo she was all in a muck of a sweat" was half a century before her time—she had precisely caught the tone of "those Georgian days, whose style" (according to Mr. Henley)

Still breathed a faint and fine perfume
Of old-world courtliness and old-world bloom:
When speech was elegant and talk was fit,
For slang had not been canonised as wit.

Compare "Tom and Jerry" and "Punch"; compare Theodore Hook and Mr. Oscar Wilde, or Mr. Gilbert, or Mr. Whistler; and you will find that the courtliness is—as Beau Austin says—"all the other way."

And I thought Mr. Tree, misled perhaps by his Prologue, too *Grand Monarque* for a Prince Regent beau, even for a beau a little past his prime in 1820; but it is not the bowing and posturing that I object to—these were excellent, and in keeping with that marvellous make-up, one of Mr. Tree's triumphs. No; it was the nature of the man. Even Charles Surface was very far removed from the *petits-maitres* of the court of Louis, whose manners were really more than skindeep, who were courtiers to the backbone. Charles and his successors were magnificent animals, three-bottle men every one of them; and, brought face to face with a great peril or a great passion, they would have forgotten their manners and been mere men, strong, very likely violent, tremendously in earnest.

To pass for a moment from Mr. Tree the actor to Mr. Tree the manager, whose first experimental "Monday" has been so hardly dealt with, whose devotion to these said Mondays has even been made fun of. Is this treatment, I will not say just or grateful, but is it even wise on the part of those who wish to see somewhat better plays upon our stage? At a probable sacrifice of money, as well as an immense sacrifice of energy and time—for the long-run system is unquestionably the easiest and the most paying for the manager—he has given us a play written by one of the most famous of our literary men, of the very men whose influence in the theatre we most need. He has given us a comedy which he admits to be, very probably, caviare to the multitude; and critics and first-nighters show how entirely their taste is subordinated to

that of the multitude by declaring that it is caviare to *them*, and scoffing at the manager who has produced it.

Enough of this—quite enough, I think you will say; and too much to allow me to give one word of criticism to Mr. Carton's charming comedy, produced with entire success on the Saturday which preceded the first appearance of "Beau Austin," but not seen by me till the Tuesday which followed. You must wait a week, sir, for the views upon "Sunlight and Shadow" of your enthusiastic

MUS IN URBE.

P.S.—Apologies to one critic, the good "Spectator," whose almost appreciative review of "Beau Austin" I have just read.

THE DRAMATISTS.

LIV.—RACINE.

In Racine we have the perfection of French tragedy; its truest admirers would probably be content to stand or fall by his "Phèdre," and those foreign critics who condemn his work may assume that in so doing they are condemning his school at its best.

It is the school of elegance, of courtliness carried to an extreme that only one Court in the world has known. In a dozen plays Racine has embalmed the spirit of the *Grand Monarque* and the society that bowed to the earth before him; and "Iphigénie," "Phèdre" and "Athalie" will show to all ages what was the drama of good breeding, the intellectual fare proper to be set before King Louis, his Maintenon and his Boileau.

Of its elegance there can be no doubt, nor of its neatness, compactness, and ingenuity; and there is unquestionably a charm in the balanced flow of Racine's verse—a charm keenly felt by a critic as far apart from the classical school as Mr. Swinburne. Even, struggling through this smooth and too harmonious melody, there are notes of true passion—there must be, or Rachel could never have waked a nineteenth-century audience to enthusiasm with the humanity she poured into these narrow moulds. The beauty of proportion, of a definite plan thoughtfully carried out, is of course never lacking; unless indeed where over-thoughtfulness, too great care-taking, obscures the proportions originally planned. One does not want a better exposition—of a strong and moving plot, moreover—than the clear and concise first act of "Iphigénie en Aulide."

And yet, how even one's praise carries with it the condemnation of French tragedy, judging it as it demanded to be judged. Elegance, neatness, decorum—what words are more absolutely opposed to the spirit of tragedy? The plays of Racine were a charming entertainment, in the best of taste, for the Court of Louis XIV., just as the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan—which have about as much relation to real life—are a charming entertainment for Londoners to-day. But no one is anxious to compare the "Mikado" with the work of Ibsen or of Wagner: while the admirers of Racine expressly measured him against Æschylus and Sophocles—and, when they were in a sufficiently condescending mood, against Shakespeare.

To criticise Racine is, for an Englishman, almost like killing the slain: his influence here lasted but a little time, though it is true that the harm it did in certain ways is still clearly felt. But, in a survey of the drama of the past, it is needful to point out—however briefly—the defects of a school more truly artificial than the Chinese.

In every way, one can but repeat it, the spirit of Racine is absolutely opposed to the true spirit of tragedy. There is much in his system which would have been permissible enough had he written comedy; but for the grandeur of tragedy one cannot but cry, with his own Achilles,

Non, non! Tous ces détours sont trop ingénieux!

It is not merely those unlucky unities, though they are bad enough; but there are the confidants, there are the harmful unnecessary lovers, there are a dozen set rules and formulas, and everyone of them either bad or needless. Why, in the name of commonsense, need every stage-play have at the very least one pair of young people in love with each other; who ever yet felt the need of a "love-interest" in "Macbeth" or in "Julius Cæsar"? What a want of ingenuity, as well as of *vraisemblance*, it shows, to tack on to each hero and heroine a helpless being whose one duty in life is to be talked at and told long stories, with every detail of which he must be perfectly familiar?

Why—to be bolder in our questions—must every play of necessity be written in a jingling metre, perhaps the worst ever invented for tragic dialogue? And why should it be taken for granted that a tragedy must be in neither more nor less than five acts? Voltaire grumbled at the amount of padding needed to fill these inelastic acts—but padded nevertheless.

In every point, indeed, these tragedians sacrificed the essential to preserve a certain symmetry in details altogether unimportant, and preserved even these details in name rather than in fact—for Corneille and Voltaire avowedly change the scene in their dialogue, although, to preserve the "unity of place," the scene-shifters were instructed to take no notice of the fact!

To leave criticism for biography, the uneventful life of Jean Baptiste Racine filled the sixty years between 1639 and 1699. The son of a well-to-do citizen, he was destined for the Church; but he preferred falling in love with pretty actresses and writing plays for them, until, in 1677, the temporary failure of his "Phèdre"—caused by the intrigues of a rival—opened his eyes to the hollowness of ambition, and he determined, somewhat late, to follow the advice of his family. Now, however, his friends suggested marriage as a more suitable form of mortification than the Church; and Racine fell in with their views. Soon after he was appointed historiographer to the King, and, with Boileau, followed the army in the campaign in Flanders—much to the army's amusement.

After a silence of twelve years, however, he returned to the drama, and reconciled his religious enthusiasm with his earlier flame, by writing at the request of Madame de Maintenon his tragedies of "Esther" and "Athalie." The latter play, certainly one of his masterpieces, was received with an indifference which is said to have hastened his death: and conceivably, for Racine's was a gentle, almost an effeminate spirit. All critics have noticed how much more lifelike and more interesting are his women than his men; and, how with all their refinement, his tragedies lack the vigour of Corneille—which is itself of a quality not calculated to unnerve a countryman of Shakespeare.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"The first consideration is not whether we are amused and pleased by a work of art or mind, nor is it whether we are touched by it; what we seek above all to learn is *whether we were right in being amused with it*, and in applauding it, and in being moved by it." On this text, which is from Sainte-Beuve, Mr. H. A. Jones preached an interesting little sermon last Saturday evening at Toynbee Hall. Its main point—pressed home, and perhaps made a little too much of by the author of "The Middleman"—was that the drama should portray the real men and women, the real everyday life of its period. So it should: but exclusively? The spirit of history and the spirit of fancy answer No.

Mr. C. G. Compton is the son of a very famous actor, and himself the associate of actors, inasmuch as he looks after the business interests of the Garrick Theatre. The dramatic spirit is evidently in his blood, and it has found expression in a novel just published. With such a parentage and grandparentage, "Scot Free" should be interesting.

Mr. Wilson Barrett is hard at work at Leicester, rehearsing the new drama, by Mr. Widnell and himself, with which the New Olympic is shortly to open.

Still busier is Mrs. Langtry, for Tuesday week is to see the beginning of her Cleopatra—of which one may at least prophesy that it will be absolutely unlike the only other Cleopatras known by this generation of London playgoers, those of Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis and of Mrs. Dallas-Glyn. M. Berton, a French actor well known to English audiences, is assisting Mrs. Langtry in her studies of this tremendous part, and Mr. Coghlan—the Antony—is superintending the production of the play.

This (Saturday) evening is to see the production of a new and original comedy by Mr. F. Wyatt, which is called "The Two Recruits," and is to be played at Toole's Theatre. On the same evening Mr. Buchanan's "Madcap Prince," compressed into two acts, will precede "Sweet Nancy" at the Royalty. This is a comedy of the days of the Roundheads, and its chief character was originally played by Mrs. Kendal—on what was, we believe,

her last evening at the old Haymarket Theatre—and was afterwards undertaken by Miss Harriett Jay at a *Gaiety matinée*. It is, naturally, Miss Jay who now resumes the part.

“May and December,” to be played in a fortnight or less at the Comedy, is a revised version of “The Novel Reader,” which was a version of “La Petite Marquise,” once boycotted for some unthinkable reason for the Lord Chamberlain. “The Novel Reader” was acted privately at the Globe one afternoon now some years ago, and proved to be perfectly proper, though—it must be owned—only moderately entertaining. A second version was played not long ago, under its present title, at a public *matinée*. It was then announced as being “by Sydney Grundy and Joseph Mackay,” but has apparently been thoroughly overhauled by the first-named author. A very strong cast is to include Messrs. Brookfield and C. H. Hawtrej, Miss Norreys, Miss Lottie Venne, and Miss Lydia Cowell—who, if we are not mistaken, played the heroine at the afternoon performance at the Globe.

Early next year is to be published an English version of a play which Count Tolstoi has just finished. Not, oh not another “Powers of Darkness,” let us hope!

Madame Chaumont has this week been playing in a programme of the true Chaumont kind—three little pieces and *La Première Feuille*. The tiny voice is tinier than ever; the unflinching humour and sympathy acuter than ever.

Last nights of “Sweet Lavender,” too soon revived; and a series of revivals of Mr. Terry’s best known plays—“In Chancery,” “The Rocket,” and so forth—just beginning.

A great success has been made by the German translation of “The Mid-dleman,” lately played at Hamburg with an adequate Cyrus Blenkarn and a most excellent Jesse Pegg. Some German critics call the play “very English,” and do not mean this for a compliment, but all admit that the German public takes to our Jones very heartily.

MR. F. BARRINGTON FOOTE.

There will be few to gainsay the statement that Mr. Barrington Foote is one of the most popular singers now before the public, and equally few who would wish to deny that his popularity is well deserved. A voice of singular resonance, flexibility, and compass, used always with a high degree of sympathy and intelligence—in a word, by an artist—on what better foundation can a reputation be based? The possession of such qualities as these are quite sufficient to account for the present high position which Mr. Barrington Foote occupies.

Mr. Foote, who was born in Plymouth, studied first with Signor Zuccardi; in 1876 he went to Italy, where he placed himself first under Vannuccini at Florence, and later under Lamperti at Milan. With such success did he prosecute his studies that he was soon able to make his *début* at Pavia in no less important and trying a rôle—albeit so familiar—than that of Mephistopheles in Gounod’s “Faust.” He subsequently appeared with success at most of the important opera-houses of Italy, including La Scala, by the management of which latter he was offered a flattering re-engagement. Preferring, however, to be a prophet in his own country, Mr. Foote accepted an engagement offered him by Mr. Mapleson, and appeared at Her Majesty’s Theatre. For some time he continued on the operatic stage, and during Mr. Carl Rosa’s tenancy of Drury Lane created the chief rôles in the three English operas produced thereat: namely, the “Canterbury Pilgrims” of Professor Villiers Stanford, and Dr. Mackenzie’s “Troubadour” and “Colomba.” It was for success as an oratorio and concert-singer, however, that Mr. Foote really wished; and he therefore abandoned the operatic stage—on which, by the way, he had appeared as Signor Francesci. Every concert-goer has now been made acquainted with Mr. Foote’s many and admirable qualities, for he has sung at most of the principal Festivals, such as those of Leeds, Gloucester, Norwich, and the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace; and there can be few provincial towns in which he has not appeared. Last year Mr. Foote accompanied Madame Albani on her long and successful tour through Canada and the United States, whither he returns next March for a series of vocal recitals. Those who attended the Norwich Festival of 1887 will not yet have forgotten his creation of the title rôle in Mancinelli’s “Isaïas,” which was, perhaps, one of

his greatest artistic triumphs. He sang at the first State Concert at Buckingham Palace this year: he is now on tour with Madame Patti; and, in a word, it would probably be much easier to say what he has not than what he has done.

CHELTEMHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

NOVEMBER 3.

The first two items after “The Repentance of Nineveh” were by the composer, whose influence, more than any others, is discernible in the new oratorio, namely, the concert-overture “A calm sea and prosperous voyage” and the *finale* from the first act of “Die Lorelei” of Mendelssohn. These were, as the compositor in setting up an advertisement of the latter prophetically but unwittingly put it “Lovely,” though of course neither is an example of the composer’s best work. Purcell’s fine old song “Arise, ye subterranean winds,” sung admirably by Mr. Brereton; a new part-song by Dr. Harford Lloyd, entitled “Hope,” rendered in excellent style by the choir; Balfe’s “The green trees whispered,” given with much taste by Miss Hope Glenn; and Oakeley’s “Edinburgh” march occupied the remainder of the evening: and after the last-named let it not be averred that the drummers are treated with disrespect by our composers.

Brief reference to the production of “The Messiah” on Thursday afternoon, when the audience was the largest of any in the course of the Festival, is all that is requisite. It was but natural that the voices should show some signs of fatigue after so much arduous work, and accordingly it surprised no one that one or two of the choruses lacked that freshness and vigour which were such pleasing features at the earlier concerts. Those solos and choruses which rarely fail to call forth the hearty approval of delighted listeners possessed their wonted power on this occasion, and thus a most successful afternoon terminated the Festival proper.

The *conversazione* on Friday being rather an appendage to the Festival than a part of it, the music then provided was not of the same high order as that noticed above. The chief interest centred round a new trio by Miss Ellicott, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, the three movements of which (*Allegro con grazia*, *adagio*, *allegro brillante*) were well received by the audience, who thus showed their liking for the music and their appreciation of the way in which it was played by Mr. T. Carrington, Mr. J. E. R. Teague, and Miss Helene Hauser.

Taken as a whole, then, the Festival may be regarded as a complete success. The band and chorus, nearly 400 in all, have done most estimable work, exceeding the expectations of their hard-working conductor, and this in a building erected with small regard to acoustic properties (the Winter Garden is a Crystal Palace in miniature). It could not be expected that so new a venture should be as free from faults as the old-established gatherings in other and larger towns; but if an advance is made in the interim between the present time and 1893 commensurate with the development witnessed in the last three years the next Festival will possess very great attractions. And who is to be credited with this gratifying result? Assuredly it is Mr. J. A. Matthews, who, in addition to being conductor, is also director, and, it is understood, takes the whole financial responsibility upon his shoulders. Mr. Matthews, succeeding where others failed, has collected his excellent choir, and brought it to its present state of efficiency, not relying on the pecuniary support of influential patrons, but trusting to his own indomitable pluck, tact, energy, and patience. This is too much for one man, and it may be hoped that, if the scheme is to have the brilliant future which is desired for it, it will be found possible to make it more of a public celebration. Of this indeed an indication was not absent on Friday, when Mr. Matthews received, at the hands of the Mayor, the silver tea and coffee service presented by his loyal subjects. This is an age of progress, when Board School children, with their newly-acquired pianofortes, may be expected to produce “Creations” far other than that heard on Tuesday. Wherefore, let care be taken that an enterprise so well begun shall keep pace with the spirit of the times, and it will have a better chance of this when it is less a private undertaking. In conclusion, the director is to be congratulated on obtaining the assistance of several who, by birth or residence, are associated with the locality, such being Miss Ellicott, Dr. Bridge, and Dr. Harford Lloyd among the composers, Canon Bell and Mr. Joseph Bennett among the librettists, and Miss Hilda Wilson among the soloists.

The Organ World.

NOTES.

Chapel Royal, Whitehall, chiefly known by the annual distribution of the "Maundy" or "Royal Alms," is to be closed. Originally designed as a banqueting hall, and part of a design furnished by Inigo Jones for the re-erection of the Palace of Whitehall in the time of James the First, it has passed through many historical vicissitudes, not the least remarkable being the beheading of Charles the First just outside one of its windows, which now look with blind eyes on the hurrying feet in Parliament-street. George the First turned it into a chapel, and Prince George of Denmark was married there in 1683 to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne.

Lovers of the organ who live in the north-west of London are to be congratulated on the generous provision made for their requirements by the Hampstead Conservatoire of Music. Six recitals, of which the two first were given last Saturday afternoon and Monday evening respectively by Dr. A. L. Peace, of Glasgow, are announced. That on Wednesday evening next will be given by Mr. J. Kendrick Pyne, of Manchester; on the 29th inst., at 4 p.m., by Mr. H. L. Balfour, organist of St. Saviour's, Croydon; and on the evenings of the 15th and 17th December by Mons. Guilman. Dr. Peace opened the series on Saturday afternoon last with Mendelssohn's Fourth Organ Sonata, and followed this by a tasteful performance of an arrangement of a Rondo in A by Schubert. Dr. Peace, however, was most successful in the well-known St. Ann's Prelude and Fugue, of which he gave a masterly reading. Dr. S. S. Wesley's "Holsworthy Church Bells" were also very artistically played, and an "Allegretto alla Marcia" from the performer's pen well deserved from its quaint fancy and piquant treatment the cordial reception it received. Miss Mildred Harwood gave artistic renderings of Faure's very French "Sancta Maria" and Goring Thomas's graceful "Swallow Song"; and Dr. Peace effectively concluded the recital by a performance of Weber's fine overture to "Eury-anthe." There was a large and appreciative audience.

Mr. C. Lee Williams, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, has been asked to compose a "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" for voices and orchestra, to be performed at the celebration of the Festival of St. Paul in the Metropolitan Cathedral.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

FIRST NOTICE.

Once again there are pastels at the Grosvenor Gallery, and for the first time the catalogue bears the name of the "Society of British Pastellists," a body having Sir Coutts Lindsay at their head. As a body we should say that the British Pastellists have yet much to learn, although they of course number amongst them men whose work is in every way first-class, which criticism will be borne out by a careful examination of the galleries; there are fine works—works in every respect worthy of exhibition, or even more, of being preserved for the admiration of later generations, but taken as a whole there is a great deal lacking. First and foremost in the list of faults is this, that the majority of workers appreciate but little, or not at all, the fact that there are certain subjects which lend themselves particularly well to the medium; and there is consequently expended upon unsuitable subjects an amount of labour which might have been employed to produce something really worthy in oil or water colour. Others there, are who finding the material easily workable, are charmed with the novelty, and immediately set about forming for themselves a peculiar *technique* with results in some cases almost comic. There is, for instance, a breakfast table picture in which there is good drawing and all the usual knowledge of a respectable artist, but the *technique* gives the picture the appearance of a sampler in Berlin wool, and we to the work. Here and there weakness pure and simple is to be seen, a fault which will amend itself with time; and after all there is good ground for hope in a society of Pastellists, as such an institution will encourage improvement, a feature really needed before English Pastel painting can aspire to a front rank. The council have

been fortunate in acquiring several works from the hands of Mr. J. E. Blanche, of which there are five of these in the first room alone. Indeed the second item in the catalogue is the portrait of a lady in blue from the Rue des Fontis, near which hangs another example in the "Study of a Head for Stained Glass" (No. 18). This, simple as it is, is of some importance. There is a sentiment contained in the work which will be of value in years to come, when it will show to a student of future time that there was a spirit in the nineteenth century prompting men to work, even as the glass of the fourteenth century speaks to us of a soul in that age which found expression in art. From this study to that by Mr. Arthur Melville, "After the Play" (No. 21), is but a short space in the Gallery, but a great jump downwards for the mind. Mr. Melville's work is clever, it is artistic, and belongs strictly to the nineteenth century. It is naturalistic even as that of M. Blanche. But there is wanting in it a hold upon life, as it were; it is the record not of life but of existence, a vastly different subject. Yet it is pretty and decorative, and we could wish it to have something living in it that we might admire it. Near these works we find a portrait of Mrs. Holdsworth (No. 25) by Edward Tofano. This is a daring effort, relying for its effect upon the contrast existing between a vivid scarlet blind and bright green grass and foliage, as seen through an open window. As a piece of decorative colour it might serve in a room about as large as that in which it now hangs, but as a portrait or a picture it is not a success since we cannot look at for a minute at a time. There is surely, too, a decorative reason in the two little panels by Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, the "Sapphire Glacier" and the "Fisherhorn," numbered 39 and 42 respectively. As pictures they would mean little or nothing, but as decorative panels *en Japonais* the value of their dainty blue and pretty irregularity of line is very great. M. Blanche's power is seen most easily, perhaps, in the portrait of "Madame Bordes-Péne at her Piano" (No. 44), a large picture severe in its simplicity, and strong as only a master hand can make it. There is but little colour in the work, which is executed in such low tones as Mr. Shannon has made us familiar with, and it is wanting even in the warmth which the latter painter contrives to obtain, but the colouring is scientifically correct, and the *technique* and subject combined load the canvas with interest. Just below this hangs a picture by a Dutch artist, Jan Toorop, which should be noticed. The crew of a small sailing vessel are "Heaving the Anchor," and the record is curiously interesting. The pre-Raphaelite tendency of the treatment is unusual in modern Dutch work, and the colour scheme is set forth with a boldness at first view almost startling. It consists in the main of a contrast of blue and orange and red massed in the clothing of the men and the large clewed up sail under which they are at work; and is thence carried on with much fidelity throughout the picture. "The Harvest Moon" (No. 50), by Mr. Kenneth Deas, is one of those efforts which repay a glance: it is broad and promises well, but seems forced in the colour, which is a little heavy. Cooler and greyer in tone the record would have been more pleasant, and we think more true. Mr. J. J. Shannon is not at his best in "A Portrait Study" (No. 53). The portraiture of the child is clever, as is all that Mr. Shannon does, but the combination of child and background of flat Gothic arch which shapes itself over a dead black mass is not a happy one. It might be styled naive, but awkward would perhaps be the truer adjective. There are people who have dubbed Mr. Peppercorn the English Corot, an eccentricity which we had hitherto explained by the love which many people have of showing that they know the names of two painters when they might be thought to know of only one. Here, however, in the "Landscape" (No. 64) Mr. Peppercorn does show somewhat of the Corotesque, but even this is we think due rather to the subject than to any attempt at a robbery of Corot's ideas by Mr. Peppercorn. The pollard willow and taller elm tree, the pale blue sky and gray green grass are all there, even as they are in many of the pictures of the father of Romanticism, and they are treated too in a wonderfully delicate and graceful manner. There is a truly pastel subject in Mr. Kroyer's group of Danish artists. The delicate colouring and the suffused light in which it vibrates, as it were, produces an effect to be obtained in no other medium so successfully. Certainly the "Danish Artists in Civita d'Antino, Italy," were worthy the sketching and have been worthily sketched. The number of the picture is 80. Near this, and ever so high in the air, we find the "Allotment Gardens" by Miss Nelly Erichsen (No. 91), of which the colour and composition are, to say the least, creditable. Since the painters of such scenes most generally fail in one of these features, when not in both, this instance of artistic knowledge should not go by unnoticed.

FLOWERS BY MDLLE. MARGUERITE ROOSENBOOM.

The pictures and drawings of flowers now on view at the galleries of the Fine Art Society are characterised by one common feature—breadth. That this excellent quality, however, will not suffice as the sole merit is too clearly shown by the value which the works lose owing to their want of feeling for texture in some cases, to bad colour in others, almost in every instance, however, confined to the leafage, and to weak light and shade. The result of this combination is altogether best described, perhaps, as “fluffiness.” Some sprays of “Rose Mallow” are fairly successful in oil, as are also the “White Roses,” although these are lacking entirely in colour as regards the leaves, which instead of being of a delicate gray green tint with good lights, resemble rather masses of slaty material both in colour and texture. The “Peonies,” in oil, are good and even excel in sense of texture as far as the flowers themselves go. A hanging basket of “Primulas” forms a pretty decorative panel, while some “Sunflowers” are glowing with really good colour, and are well drawn to boot, the light and shade being managed with a certain success. The best piece of actual painting, which is indeed very clever, is the study of “Cauliflowers” with their large succulent leaves. But as a picture this is not remarkable for beauty.

CONCERTS.

The great attraction of the fourth Crystal Palace Concert on the 1st inst. was the appearance of M. Paderewski, who made his first bow to a Crystal Palace audience before sitting down to play Schumann's Concerto. M. Paderewski, as most people know, has two styles: he can either play in Ercole's vein or he can roar you an 'twere any nightingale. On this occasion it pleased him to play the latter part. The beauty of his touch, the finish of his execution, and the tenderness of his expression were all admirably exemplified; but with all this we should hesitate to describe his performance as a thoroughly satisfactory reading of the work. He seemed to tone down the vigour of Schumann's composition far too much. Not once only, but often, he played passages marked *f* and *mf*. with quite a delicate *piano*, the result of which was to give a sort of drawing-room air to the rendering, though the finale was played with much brilliancy. Later on he played a not remarkably attractive melody of his own and Liszt's 12th Rhapsody in sufficiently brilliant fashion, but still without that exceptional vigour which he sometimes displays. However, being invited “to roar again,” he played an *étude* of Chopin, eliciting enthusiastic applause. The chief orchestral piece was Brahms' 3rd Symphony in F, which bids fair to become a dangerous rival to the—as yet—more popular one in D. It was very well played, and it is satisfactory to find that the audience were fully inclined to appreciate the beauties of execution which Mr. Mauns had evidently prepared with great care. Dr. Mackenzie's “Benedictus,” with the solo violin part allotted to all the violins, once more united all suffrages, and Cherubini's “Anacreon” overture and Berlioz' Invitation to the Waltz opened and ended the concert. Mr. Ben Davies was the vocalist, and gave much satisfaction in the air “Come Margarita, come,” and Piatti's serenade, “Awake! awake!”

Everyone was—or ought to have been—less critical than contented at last Saturday's Popular Concert. The programme consisted of old favourites, and the Indian summer that held sway outside made its influence felt within doors. At least Sir Charles Hallé's reading of Beethoven's Piano-forte Sonata in E minor—as he wrote only one in that key, the “Op. 90,” is superfluous—appeared to us far more spontaneous and pleasing than usual; but as Sir Charles grows younger, instead of following the rule of less fortunate beings, this is, perhaps, not surprising. Madame Neruda was charming as ever in Handel's Sonata in D major, even if she did take the final movement at the railroad pace of to-day “which kills,” and Spohr's “Barcarolle” was an encore worth the obstinate struggle that gained it. Schumann's

Quartet in A minor was perfectly rendered by the usual performers, who, with the addition of Sir Charles at the piano, gave Dvřák's Quintet in an almost equally satisfactory style. Mr. Norman Salmond's admirable vocalisation was highly effective in “Honor and Arms,” and he was also very successful in a German song by Goltermann. Mr. Izard was a fairly good accompanist; the violin solos, however, enjoyed the advantage of Sir Charles Hallé's tasteful accompaniments.

Mr. Leonard Borwick was the pianist at Monday's Popular Concert, choosing as his solo Beethoven's Variations in C minor. Of this work the young artist gave a rendering which served in many ways to fulfil the prophecies which were indulged in last season after his first appearance at a Philharmonic Concert. The piece did not, perhaps, give room for the display of his highest emotional qualities, and its reading was a trifle lacking in breadth; but he phrased it so admirably that the theme was not for a single instant lost in the variations. Mr. Borwick played an equally good part in Schumann's Trio in D minor, Op. 63, which went extremely well, though the last movement might have been taken a shade faster with advantage. The vocalist was Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who sang with admirable expression and style Professor Stanford's fine song, “La Belle Dame sans Merci,” the same composer's “Prospice,” and Schumann's “Du meine Seele, du meine Herz.” Beethoven's Quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5, opened the programme.

Señor Sarasate is really the most irritating of men. To the unregenerate mind persistent monotony in perfection is quite as monotonous as in anything else; and Señor Sarasate insists on being perfect. He is very inconsiderate of the critics. What a pleasant change it would be if we could say of his latest recital that he played out of tune or with diminished brilliance—or anything different from the accustomed acknowledgment that he played superbly! Unfortunately we are truthful, and cannot say anything of the kind. We can only say that on Monday afternoon he played Mendelssohn's Concerto and that of Saint Saëns, No. 3; that in the *finale* to the first he rushed along at a fiery pace that left Mr. Cusins and his orchestra breathless, and that in the second he played divinely. In addition, it is to be said that he graciously responded to the *encore* of his huge and delighted audience, and that he further gave his own “Thème Montagnard varié.” It is quite needless to describe the performances by the orchestra of the “Tannhäuser” overture and Grieg's “Peer Gynt” suite, for they were conducted by Mr. Cusins. And—if only Señor Sarasate would give us a chance of saying something else!

The indisputably clever ladies known as the “Shinner Quartet” gave a concert of great interest on Thursday evening of last week at Princes' Hall. The quartet has undergone no change since last season (unless it be in the direction of artistic improvement), consisting still of Miss Emily Shinner (Mrs. F. Liddell), Miss Lucy H. Stone, Miss Cecilia Gates, and Miss Florence Hemmings. The programme commenced with Mozart's quartet in C, No. 6, which was played not only with facility but with perfect sympathy, the unanimity of expression and precision of attack being as noticeable as always. The Dvřák quintet for pianoforte and strings in A (Op. 81), in the performance of which Miss Fanny Davies took a noteworthy part, was scarcely less praiseworthy; and in Schumann's duets for cello and pianoforte, “Stücke in Volkston,” Nos. 3 and 4, Miss Hemmings again displayed her excellent powers, being well worthy of association with Miss Davies. Brahms' piano and violin sonata in D minor (Op. 108) fared well at the hands of Miss Shinner and, again, Miss Davies; and the latter lady played very finely Sgambati's “Toccata” and Chopin's Nocturne in B major. The vocalist was Miss Fildinger, who gave songs by Brahms, Mendelssohn, and Schubert with her accustomed poetic fervour.

Popularity is pleasant, but it has its penalties, which fall heavily even on a Patti. To be set down for three songs, and after giving six to find one's hearers still rudely clamorous for more is an unworthy fate for so generous an artist as is Madame Patti. Yet this was her experience on Monday night at the Albert Hall, when for a moment it seemed likely that a disgraceful tumult would ensue. Fortunately quiet was restored by Mr. Lloyd, to hear whom the vast audience abated its clamour. “Bel Raggio,” “O luce di quest' anima,” and “The Banks of Allan Water” were the diva's

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songs; how she sang them it would be absurd to say. The other artists who took part in this singularly successful concert were Miss Eleanor Rees, Miss Douilly, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Lely, Mr. Barrington Foote, and Mr. Schönbberger, while the orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

Master Isidore Pavia gave his second recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, when a large and very friendly audience assembled. The programme was of unusual length, but it was completed in much less than the regulation two hours—which is in itself a criticism. One would be sorry to discourage so young a performer, who has a certain amount of fitfully displayed emotion, who has evidently practised a great deal, and burdened his memory to an equal extent. But though he has acquired great digital dexterity it is obvious that he has nearly everything to learn in the direction of phrasing and declamation. This fact will explain why Scarlatti's Sonata in A major was by far his most successful effort. Bach's Chromatic Fantasia, Beethoven's Sonata in E flat, Op. 31, No. 3, and various pieces by Chopin and Mendelssohn were also given.

A new musical monologue by Messrs. Bowyer and Morton has been produced at the Alhambra Theatre entitled "Claude Duval," in which the rôle of the dashing highwayman is well played by Mr. Frank Celli. The three or four songs of which the monologue consists are melodious, and are composed by Mr. Edward Solomon, but somehow the piece seems hardly to suite the taste of an Alhambra audience. The plot is simple in the extreme. Claude flying from the arms of justice in the shape of the local constabulary secures breathing time by secluding himself on the boards of the Alhambra Theatre, where he has time to deliver himself of four songs before discovering that the police are once more on the trail. He moves on, but whether he successfully makes his escape or is seized by the minions of the law is something which Messrs. Bowyer and Morton do not disclose.

PROVINCIAL.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS.)

LEEDS, NOV. 2.—The musical event of the past week has been the visit of the Carl Rosa Opera Company to Leeds for a fortnight's performances at the Grand Theatre. By beginning with Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" they may be said to have played their trump card at once, the wisdom of which proceeding was shown by the fact that a crowded audience was the result, in spite of the counter attraction of a "Patti Concert" at the Town Hall on the same evening. And certainly those who chose opera instead of ballads had no reason to repent their choice, the performance of "Romeo and Juliet" being in all respects an adequate one, and in respect of the assumption of the heroine's part by Miss de Lussan of the highest order of merit. Miss de Lussan is not only equal to the vocal requirements of the part, but she invests her performance with all the warmth and sympathy which are such indispensable qualifications for a Juliet who is to in any degree approach the love-sick maiden drawn by Shakespeare. Mr. Barton McGuckin sang well and acted admirably as Romeo, but his voice is not so suited to amorous accents as to more heroic strains. Of the other parts Mr. Alec. Marsh's Mercutio deserves a word of special commendation. On Wednesday Donizetti's "The Daughter of the Regiment" was given, and the revival proved highly attractive, one of the largest audiences of the week assembling to enjoy Donizetti's light and pretty music and the vivacious performance of the heroine's part by Miss de Lussan, who could have given no greater proof of her versatility than her success in two such different rôles as Juliet and Marie. She was well supported by Mr. Aynsley Cook (a capital Sulpice), Mr. John Child (Tonio), and Miss Jenny Dickerson (Countess).

On Saturday evening a capital all-round performance of the well-worn "Traviata" was given, of which the most notable features were the excellent singing and acting of Mme. Georgina Burns as Violetta and the highly artistic manner in which Mr. Leslie Crotty sang the air "Di Provenza il mar" in the second act. Mr. Runcio's voice was too unsympathetic and his acting too fussy to make him a thoroughly satisfactory Alfred, though his performance showed thoughtfulness and intelligence.

The remaining performances consisted of works which have already been made familiar even in Leeds by the Carl Rosa Company, and call for no detailed notice. They included "Faust," "The Bohemian Girl," and "The Star of the North."

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Max Mayer, one of our resident pianists, gave a concert of chamber music on the 27th ult. He was assisted by Mr. Risegari (violin), Mr. Fuchs ('cello), and Mr. Alfred Jordan, the latter gentleman contributing songs by Dvůřák, Max Mayer, and others in most artistic style. The concerted pieces included C. Hubert Parry's Trio in E minor, Dvůřák's Sonata in F (piano and violin), and two excellently-written Fantasiestücke (piano and 'cello) by the concert-giver, all of which were heard here for the first time. The concert concluded with Schumann's F major Trio. Sir Charles Hallé's thirty-third season bids well to equal in success any of its predecessors. An enormous audience attended the inaugural concert on the 30th ult., and an enthusiastic reception was accorded to Sir Charles and Lady Hallé. With the exception of Grieg's "Im Herbst" Overture there was a noticeable lack of novelty in the selection of pieces. Such well-worn favourites as Beethoven's 8th Symphony, Weber's "Der Freyschutz" Overture, Viotti's Violin Concerto in A minor, Bach's Prelude in E, and Beethoven's Romance in G call for no further comment than that they were splendidly rendered and duly appreciated, Lady Hallé being recalled after each of her solos. Miss Macintyre as vocalist fully sustained her high reputation, though we regret that she did not travel more out of the beaten track in her selection of songs. Next week "Judas Maccabæus" is the work chosen, and among the new works Dr. C. H. Parry's "Judith" is to be given during the present season.

EASTBOURNE.—M. Paderewski is the musical lion of the moment. It was therefore not to be supposed that Mr. Standen Triggs, the astute manager at Devonshire Park, would fail to give Eastbournians an early opportunity of hearing the distinguished Pole. This occurred on the afternoon of Friday, the 31st ultimo. It cannot be said that the interest manifested by the public was worthy of the occasion, but we fear we must add it was scarcely otherwise than might have been expected. It is, unhappily, too true, not more so of dwellers by the sea than of Londoners and English people generally, that they are prone to fight shy of what is new; so it should, perhaps, be regarded rather as a matter of course that the Pavilion was but half filled on this afternoon. Mr. Triggs will not, we trust, be discouraged or dissuaded from his praiseworthy efforts to provide what is best in music by this apparent indifference. He will doubtless recollect that no better fate attended M. Paderewski when he played for the first time in St. James's Hall in May last, and take heart accordingly. The impression made upon the audience on Friday week was unquestionably deep. There is about the Polish artist an earnestness of manner, a modesty of mien, and an air of absorption in his work, which could not fail to impress were his technical acquirements less than they are. As one pianoforte recital is so much like another, it can scarcely be necessary to state the items of the present one in detail; but as in no less than three or four instances the printed programme was departed from we must take the opportunity of protesting against a reprehensible, not to say mischievous practice. M. Paderewski has not, it would appear, yet attained such a commanding and uniform largeness of style and breadth of tone as would enable him to do quite full justice to such majestic works as Beethoven's Sonata "Appassionata." His romantic and impulsive temperament finds greater response in the writings of Chopin and Liszt. His performance of the too-frequently played Polonaise in A flat by the former and a Rhapsody by the latter can only fitly be described as masterly. Two of Schubert's songs (the version according to Liszt), though exhibiting to some extent that tendency to be over vehement which now and again marks M. Paderewski's playing, also showed his talents in a very favourable light; and it is not possible to refrain from mentioning a charming rendering of the same composer's Impromptu in B flat. Altogether the recital was one of ample accomplishment, and the pianist made evident his possession of gifts of no ordinary character. It follows, therefore, that there is little risk in predicting that when M. Paderewski next visits Eastbourne he will be met by a more numerous audience than on the present occasion; more appreciative they could scarcely be.

HUDDERSFIELD.—The fourth of the Subscription Concerts was given in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst. In addition to Madame Albani there appeared Miss Marianne Eissler, solo violin; Miss Clara Eissler, solo harp; Miss Emmy Eissler, accompanist; Mr. W. L. Barrett, solo flute; Miss Dora Bright, solo pianoforte; Signor Bisaccia, accompa-

nist; and Mr. J. E. Sykes (the borough organist) presided at the organ. The large hall was crowded in every part, and the artists were all highly appreciated. Madame Albani of course received enthusiastic encores for each of her songs, and greatly pleased the audience by responding to each recall. Her rendering of "Casta Diva," from Bellini's "Norma," and the "Ave Maria" were admirably artistic. The flute solos by Mr. W. L. Barrett were exceedingly well played. The Misses Eissler and Miss Dora Bright are all established favourites here, and their playing was greatly admired. The concert throughout was an excellent one.

BRISTOL.—Last Saturday's Popular concert was remarkable for the excellent rendering of part songs, choruses, and glees by the choir. Miss Clara Dowle sang in Bristol for the first time, and won a success. Mr. Lawford Huxtable was the other vocalist. Miss Marianne Eissler played several violin solos, among which was a *cantilena* written for her by Mr. J. L. Roeckel, who accompanied the piece. The composition, which is suave and unpretentious, met with a hearty reception. Mr. Geo. Riseley played organ compositions in his accustomed masterly style. At the Monday Popular concert on the 3rd a programme made up entirely of works of English musicians was presented, and four leading composers attended purposely to direct performances of their own productions. Dr. J. F. Bridge conducted his "Morte d'Arthur" overture; Mr. Ebenezer Prout his concerto in E minor for organ and orchestra, Mr. Riseley being at the solo instrument; Mr. Walter Macfarren his concertstück in E minor and major for piano and orchestra, with Mr. H. Fulford as pianist; and Mr. C. Lee Williams a charming gavotte for string orchestra. Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsody was played to a Bristol public for the first time; and some small pieces from the pen of Sir Herbert Oakeley were also brought forward. Everyone of the pieces was admirably performed, and was heartily enjoyed by the large assemblage. Miss N. Matthews and Mr. Arthur Wills were the vocalists.

BRIGHTON.—On November 1st Señor Sarasate gave a grand orchestral concert in the Dome, Royal Pavilion, before a crowded audience. The eminent *virtuoso* was—as he ever seems to be—in excellent form. The concert opened with Wagner's overture to "Tannhäuser." In Mendelssohn's Concerto the great violinist played in magnificent style, and was twice recalled. Madame Berthe Marx charmed her hearers with her pleasing performances upon the pianoforte, and was loudly applauded for her excellent interpretation of Liszt's "Fantasie Hongroise" with the orchestra. Grieg's Suite, with its fascinating numbers, was faultlessly given by the orchestra. Señor Sarasate next played Saint-Saëns' "Introduction and Rondo capriccioso," and in the "Fantasia Brillante" by Ernst he fairly eclipsed himself. The concert closed with a splendid performance by the orchestra of "Deux airs de Ballet" from Rubinstein's "Der Dämon." In spite of the lengthy programme Señor Sarasate favoured his audience with several encores, and at the close of the performance he was the recipient of a genuine ovation. More than a word of praise is due to the excellent conducting of Mr. Cousins, who wielded the *bâton* with his customary skill. Last Tuesday Mr. Thorne gave his annual Pianoforte Recital. The talented pianist introduced an interesting Sonata from his own pen, and some clever productions, "Irish Dances," for two pianofortes, by Mr. Algernon Ashton, a composer whose works deserve the attention of all musicians. These were rendered by Miss Beatrice Thorne and Mr. Thorne. Mr. Hubert Hunt was the

violinist, and ably sustained his part, while Mr. Thorne appeared to the best advantage; his powers are too well known to need comment, and his performances were marked throughout by much artistic merit. Miss Beatrice Thorne—a decidedly talented young pianist—made her *début* before a Brighton audience, and proved herself an artist of great promise. She joined her father in Mozart's Sonata in D, for two pianos. Mr. C. E. Gravely and Mr. Thorne gave a good rendering of Chopin's "Rondo" (op. 73), also for two pianos, the former playing in good style. Mr. Thorne gave a masterly rendering of J. S. Bach's "Fugue in A minor," Sterndale Bennett's "Tema con variazione" (op. 31), Liszt's "Etude de Concert" in A flat, and a "Sarabande" by Deacon. In all these pieces the recitalist was most successful, and gained the hearty applause of those present.

SOUTHSEA.—Señor Sarasate, the famous Spanish violinist, appeared for the first time at the Portland Hall on the evening of the 27th ult., when the expectations raised by his reputation were fully realised, and lovers of the purely classical school of music had a rare treat. Madame Bertha Marx (pianist) was the only other artist on this occasion. An operatic concert (also at the Portland Hall) was no less successful on the following Wednesday evening. Madame Scalchi, Madame Dotti, Signor Ciampi, and Mr. Orlando Harley were the vocalists; Mlle. Isabelle Levallois violinist, and Signor Tito Mattei pianist. The vocal music was mainly operatic, with a sprinkling of ballads, and the thorough appreciation of their individual merits must have been most gratifying to the artists. The evening concerts at the South Parade Pier have ceased, but Mr. Austin Story's winter promenade concerts at the Clarence Esplanade Pier have "set in" with much promise, Madame Belle Cole, Madame Agnes Lecom, and Mr. Orlando Harley being among the artists who have already appeared.

A poet invests his monologue or dialogue with a distinctly progressing rhythm, but the reciting artist is obliged to introduce intervals and rests even in passages which the poet himself could not supply. Similarly the composer and the performer, only the mode of recitation is modified according to the number of the performers.—Beethoven, "Schindler's Biography of Beethoven."

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May	18.	F. H. Cowen.
May	25.	Senor Sarasate.
June	1.	Frederic Cliffe.
June	8.	Prof. Herkomer's "An Idyl."
June	15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June	22.	Signorina Teresina Tui.
June	29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July	6.	Madame Backer Gröndhal.
July	13.	Sir John Stainer.
July	20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July	27.	M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug.	3.	Charles Dibdin.
Aug.	10.	Joseph Hollman.
Aug.	17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug.	24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug.	31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept.	7.	M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept.	14.	Madame Patey.
Sept.	21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept.	28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct.	5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct.	12.	Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct.	19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct.	26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov.	2.	Johannes Brahms.
Nov.	9.	Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov.	16.	Arrigo Boito.
Nov.	23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov.	30.	Miss Marianne Elsäler.
Dec.	7.	Madame Prebelli.
Dec.	14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec.	21.	Robert Browning.
Dec.	28.	Miss Grace Damian.
1890—Jan.	4.	Mr. Plunket Greene.
Jan.	11.	Mr. Frederick Corder.
Jan.	18.	Madame Georgina Burns.
Jan.	25.	Professor Arthur de Greef.
Feb.	1.	Miss Margaret Macintyre.
Feb.	8.	Mr. J. L. Toole.
Feb.	15.	Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert.
Feb.	22.	Browning's "Stratford."
Mar.	1.	Mr. Leslie Crotty.
Mar.	8.	Miss Marguerite Hall.
Mar.	15.	Mr. Hamish Mac Cunn.
Mar.	22.	The Late Dr. Wylde.
Mar.	29.	Mr. Frederic Lamond.
April	5.	Dr. G. C. Martin.
April	12.	Miss Agnes Janson.
April	19.	Mrs. Langtry.
April	26.	Miss Zélie de Lussan.
May	3.	Mr. Bernard Staven.
May	10.	Miss Fanny Moody.
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May	31.	Mr. J. J. Paderewski.
June	7.	Moritz Moszkowski.
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Aug.	2.	Miss Amy Sherwin.
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